

ACTION  
COMICS

THRILLS OF THE 21<sup>ST</sup> CENTURY WITH

*Tommy*  
**TOMORROW**



52 BIG  
PAGES

# ACTION COMICS

NO. 145

JUNE

10¢

*Another*  
DARING ADVENTURE  
WITH THE WORLD'S  
CHAMPION HERO—

**SUPERMAN**





# SUPERMAN



IT WAS ONLY A LITTLE HORSESHOE, BUT IT PACKED ENOUGH WALLOP TO STOP EVEN THE MAN OF STEEL! WHAT WAS THE MYSTERIOUS POWER OF THE HORSESHOE? AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN IT IS TURNED LOOSE ON THE HELPLESS CITIZENS OF METROPOLIS? AS THE LITTLE HORSESHOE WREAKS HAVOC IN THE BIG CITY, **SUPERMAN** FINDS HIMSELF USING ALL HIS SUPER-POWERS IN AN EFFORT TO HALT THE DEVASTATING EFFECTS OF...

**"MERTON GLOOP and his MAGIC HORSESHOE!"**



IN A LABORATORY IN METROPOLIS, A SCIENTIST NERVOUSLY AWAITS THE OUTCOME OF AN EXPERIMENT...

25,000 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT! VERY HOT INDEED! BY NOW THE PROTONS SHOULD HAVE UNITED TO FORM THE NEW SUBSTANCE!



ALLOWING THE MOLTEN MASS TO COOL, HE QUICKLY MOLDS IT INTO THE SHAPE OF A SMALL MAGNET...

NOW TO SEE IF I HAVE SUCCEEDED! IF I HAVE, WHAT A BOON TO THE WORLD OF SCIENCE IT WILL BE!



HMMM--SO FAR SO GOOD! NOW TO PUT IT TO THE TEST! LET ME SEE--THAT BASEBALL BAT SHOULD DO VERY NICELY!



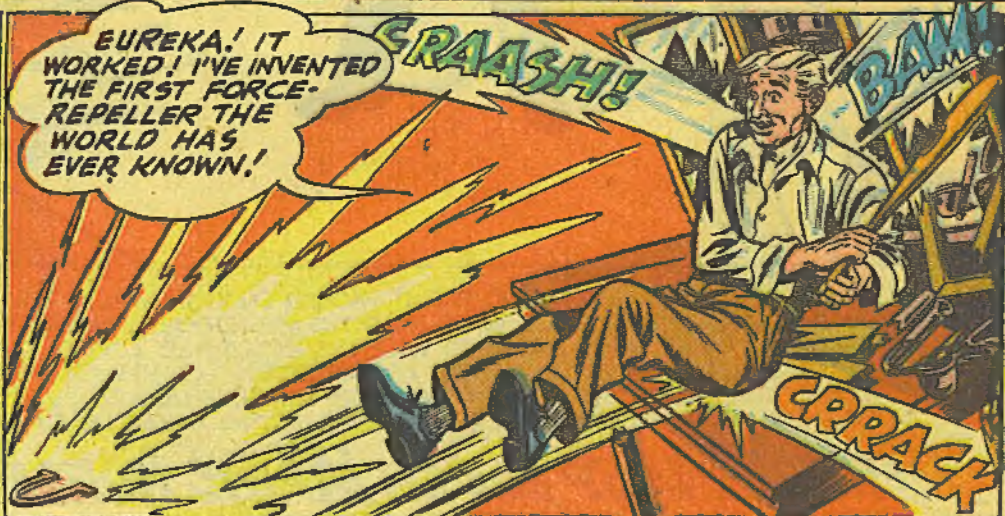
SWINGING WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH, THE PROFESSOR WIELDS THE BAT TOWARD THE GLEAMING MAGNET.

I HAVE NEVER BEEN THE ATHLETIC TYPE OF MAN, BUT I BELIEVE THIS IS THE WAY A BASEBALL PLAYER WOULD SWING A BAT...

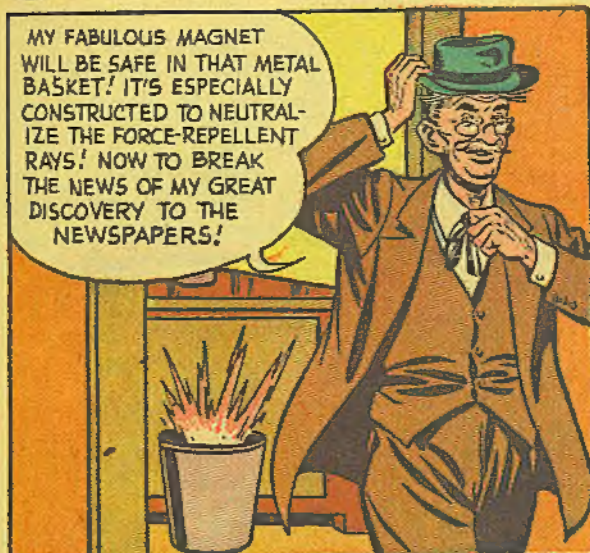


THEN IT HAPPENS! AS THE BAT SWOOPS RAPIDLY TOWARD THE SHINING MAGNET... IT IS SUDDENLY HURLED VIOLENTLY BACKWARD, CARRYING THE PROFESSOR WITH IT!

EUREKA! IT WORKED! I'VE INVENTED THE FIRST FORCE-REPELLER THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN!







MY FABULOUS MAGNET WILL BE SAFE IN THAT METAL BASKET! IT'S ESPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED TO NEUTRALIZE THE FORCE-REPELLENT RAYS! NOW TO BREAK THE NEWS OF MY GREAT DISCOVERY TO THE NEWSPAPERS!

A FEW HOURS LATER, REPORTERS LOIS LANE AND CLARK KENT ARE SEATED IN THE SCOOP RESTAURANT...

PROFESSOR CARTER SAID HE'D MEET ME HERE AT ONE O'CLOCK TO DISCUSS HIS NEW INVENTION! HE'S HALF AN HOUR LATE ALREADY!

GOLLY! SHE'S BEAUTIFUL! BUT SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I'M ALIVE!



PROFESSOR CARTER IS SO ABSENT-MINDED, HE PROBABLY FORGOT HE MADE AN APPOINTMENT! OH, MERTON, YOU'RE GOING OFF DUTY! WOULD YOU MIND GOING OVER TO THE PROFESSOR'S LAB AND TELL HIM WE'RE WAITING?

M-M-MIND? WHO, ME-ME-ME? I'D BE G-GLAD TO GO ANYWHERE FOR YOU, MISS LANE!



AND A LITTLE LATER...

G-GOLLY! IMAGINE THAT! LOIS LANE SPOKE TO ME! SHE EVEN ASKED ME TO DO A FAVOR FOR HER!... HMMM! PROFESSOR CARTER DOESN'T SEEM TO BE IN HIS LAB!



WHAT'S THIS? A LUCKY HORSESHOE! AND THE PROFESSOR THREW IT INTO HIS WASTE-BASKET!



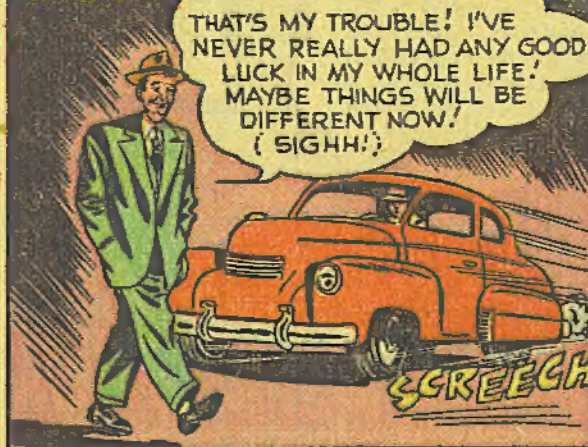
I'LL KEEP IT FOR A LUCKY CHARM! HORSESHOES ARE SUPPOSED TO BRING GOOD LUCK! GOLLY! MAYBE IT'LL MAKE LOIS LANE PAY SOME ATTENTION FOR A CHANGE!

OH, MERTON! HORSESHOES ARE SUPPOSED TO BRING GOOD LUCK-- BUT THAT'S NO ORDINARY HORSESHOE!



AND WHEN MERTON STARTS BACK TO THE RESTAURANT, OBVIOUS OF EVERYTHING BUT HIS NEW "GOOD LUCK" CHARM...

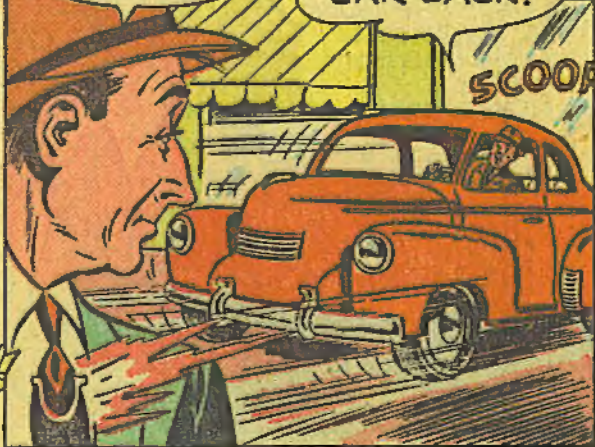
THAT'S MY TROUBLE! I'VE NEVER REALLY HAD ANY GOOD LUCK IN MY WHOLE LIFE! MAYBE THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT NOW!  
(SIGH!)



TCH! TCH! SOME DRIVERS ARE SO CARELESS!

EEEOW! SOMETHING'S PUSHING THE CAR BACK!

SCOOP



CLARK! LOOK! THAT CAR'S GOING TO CRASH INTO US!

MY GOODNESS! I MIGHT GET HURT! ("--WHEW! I'D BETTER ACT FAST!--")



MOVING SO RAPIDLY HE IS INVISIBLE TO THE EYE, CLARK KENT CHANGES IN MID-AIR TO—  
**SUPERMAN!**

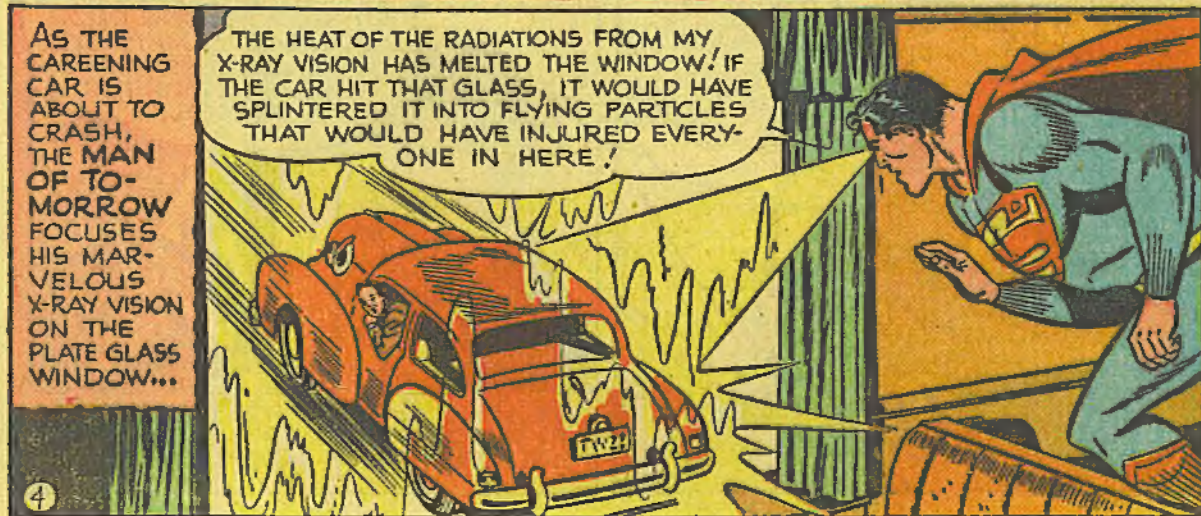
EEEE! CLARK! WHERE DID YOU GO, YOU COWARD!?



NOT A SECOND TO SPARE! I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE RIGHT HERE AND GET INTO ACTION!

AS THE CAREENING CAR IS ABOUT TO CRASH, THE MAN OF TOMORROW FOCUSES HIS MARVELOUS X-RAY VISION ON THE PLATE GLASS WINDOW...

THE HEAT OF THE RADIATIONS FROM MY X-RAY VISION HAS MELTED THE WINDOW! IF THE CAR HIT THAT GLASS, IT WOULD HAVE SPLINTERED IT INTO FLYING PARTICLES THAT WOULD HAVE INJURED EVERYONE IN HERE!





THEN, WITH ONE MIGHTY HAND OF STEEL, **SUPERMAN** HALTS THE ONRUSHING AUTO!

S--SEARCH ME, **SUPERMAN**! SOMETHING GAVE MY CAR A TERRIFIC SHOVE BACKWARD-- BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS!

END OF THE ROAD, AND NOW I'D LIKE YOU TO EXPLAIN HOW THIS HAPPENED, MISTER.

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH, FELLA-- SO I'LL LET YOU GO THIS TIME! AND NOW I'D BETTER GET THIS WINDOW REPAIRED!

WHAT A STORY! I'M GOING RIGHT TO THE OFFICE TO WRITE IT UP!

MISS LANE! WHY, SHE'S GONE! DID YOU SEE HER, **SUPERMAN**?

SHE WENT TO THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE, MERTON! C-- AND NOW THAT I'VE REPAIRED THE WINDOW, I'D BETTER GET BACK THERE AND SWITCH TO CLARK KENT!--

SO OUT INTO THE STREET GOES MERTON GLOOP ONCE MORE, ON HIS WAY TO THE DAILY PLANET...

I'VE GOT TO FIND MISS LANE AND TELL HER THE PROFESSOR WASN'T IN... MY GOODNESS! TH-THOSE MEN ARE C-CROOKS!

G-GOT TO GET AWAY... HUH? WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING? THOSE B-BULLETS ARE JUST BOUNCING RIGHT OFF ME!

GOLLY! THAT CAR THAT ALMOST HIT ME TODAY-- AND NOW THESE BULLETS! I-- I'M AS INVULNERABLE AS-- AS **SUPERMAN**! AND I ONLY JUST FOUND IT OUT! BOY! THIS HORSESHOE SURE BROUGHT ME GOOD LUCK!

TO MERTON, THE HORSESHOE IS JUST A GOOD LUCK CHARM! LITTLE DOES HE REALIZE THAT WITHOUT IT, HE'S ABOUT AS INVULNERABLE AS A BOWL OF MASHED POTATOES!



MEANWHILE, OVERHEAD, AS **SUPERMAN** SPEEDS TOWARD THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE...



SHOTS! WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE? OH-OH! GUNMEN SHOOTING IT OUT WITH THE POLICE! AND THAT'S MERTON GLOOP RIGHT IN THE LINE OF FIRE!

I'D BETTER HURRY IF I'M TO SAVE MERTON AND CATCH THOSE CROOKS, TOO!



BUT AS **SUPERMAN** ZOOMS TOWARD MERTON GLOOP WITH DAZZLING SPEED, SUDDENLY HE IS FLUNG BACKWARD--HIGH INTO SPACE!



WOW! WHAT HAPPENED? ONE MOMENT I WAS TRAVELING DOWN TOWARD THE GROUND--THEN SOMETHING THREW ME BACK UP HERE! WHAT'S GOING ON?

GEE! WAIT'LL I TELL MISS LANE ABOUT MY SUPER-POWERS I JUST DISCOVERED! MAYBE SHE'LL FORGET ABOUT **SUPERMAN** AND PAY SOME ATTENTION TO ME!



AND AS MERTON LEAVES THE SCENE WITH HIS MAGIC HORSESHOE, **SUPERMAN** IS AT LAST ABLE TO RETURN TO TERRA FIRMA...



THANK GOODNESS MERTON GOT AWAY WITHOUT INJURY! NOW TO HELP THE POLICE ROUND UP THESE CROOKS! MIND IF I BORROW YOUR GUN, PAL?

YIPE! **SUPERMAN!**

SQUEEZING THE GUN IN HIS POWERFUL FIST, **SUPERMAN** EXERTS POWERFUL PRESSURE..



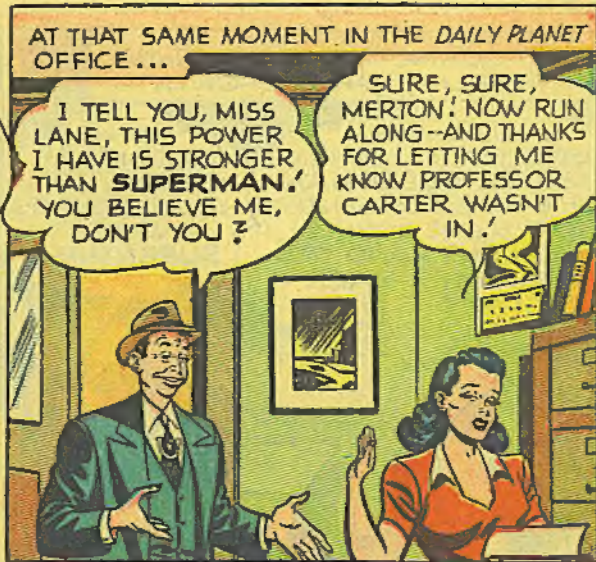
A LITTLE PRESSURE ON THIS GUN, AND...



...PRESTO! A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS! THEY'RE READY FOR JAIL, OFFICER!

THANKS, **SUPERMAN!** BUT DID YOU SEE WHAT I SAW?







THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE ANNUAL METROPOLIS CHARITY SHOW...

LA-DEEZ AND GENTLEMEN! FOR THIS BENEFIT, SUPERMAN HAS KINDLY CONSENTED TO BOX ONE ROUND-- WITH ONE HAND TIED BEHIND HIS BACK-- WITH ANYONE IN THE AUDIENCE!

IS HE KIDDING? A GUY CAN GET KILLED BOXING WITH SUPERMAN!

YESSIR! EACH AND EVERYONE WHO DONATES \$100.00 TO THE CHARITY FUND IS ELIGIBLE TO ENTER! ANYONE WHO LASTS THE ROUND WILL WIN A PURSE OF \$10,000!

I'LL DO IT! THEN I CAN TELL MY GRAND-CHILDREN I WAS KNOCKED OUT BY SUPERMAN!



ONE BY ONE THE AUDIENCE RESPONDS TO THE CHALLENGE--AND ONE BY ONE THE MAN OF TOMORROW ELIMINATES EACH OPTIMISTIC ASPIRANT.

I'D BETTER BACK AWAY FROM HIS PUNCH A LITTLE! I DON'T WANT HIM TO BREAK HIS HAND ON MY JAW!

MUSTN'T HIT TOO HARD! I DON'T WANT TO HURT HIM!

8-9-10--THE WINNER--SUPERMAN!



AND WHEN SUPERMAN HAS ELIMINATED 100 OF THE CONTESTANTS...

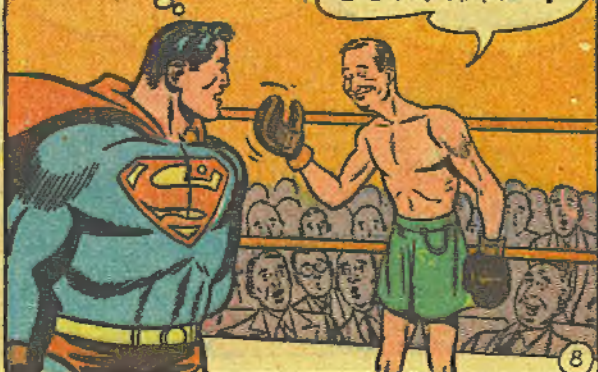
WELL, FOLKS, THAT EXHIBITION SWELLED THE CHARITY FUND BY \$10,000! I GUESS THERE AREN'T ANY MORE CHALLENGERS...

ONE MINUTE! I HAVE A CHALLENGER HERE...



ULP! IT'S MERTON GLOOP! ("--POOR GUY! HE'S THE SCRAWNIEST CONTESTANT OF THEM ALL!--")

HOWDY, MR. SUPERMAN! I'LL BE MIGHTY PROUD TO FIGHT YOU--BUT ON ONE CONDITION--THAT YOU FIGHT ME USING BOTH HANDS!





THE MAN OF STEEL AND HIS UNDER-SIZED OPPONENT SQUARE OFF, AND...

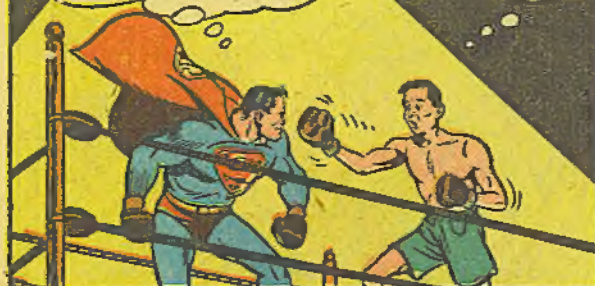
POOR MERTON! HE DOESN'T REALIZE I COULD KNOCK HIM OUT WITH MY LITTLE PINKIE! WELL, I'LL KNOCK HIM OUT WITH ONE PUNCH, FAST-- HE'LL TAKE LESS PUNISHMENT THAT WAY!

I'VE JUST GOT TO WAIT UNTIL HE SWINGS AT ME!

HERE HE COMES! GOSH! I HOPE MY INVULNERABILITY WORKS!

"--MERTON'S SO WEAK, I'LL HAVE TO PULL MY PUNCH EVEN MORE THAN I DID WITH THE OTHERS."

SORRY TO DO THIS, MERTON, BUT IT'S FOR YOUR OWN SAKE..



BUT TO SUPERMAN'S AMAZEMENT, BEFORE HIS PUNCH CAN LAND, IT REBOUNDS-- ONLY TO HIT HIS OWN JAW!

HOLY COW! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

AND A SECOND LATER, THE CROWD VIEWS THE AMAZING SPECTACLE OF AN UNCONSCIOUS SUPERMAN!

...7, 8, 9, 10--THE WINNAH-- ULP--MERTON GLOOP!

I DID IT, FOLKS! I DID IT

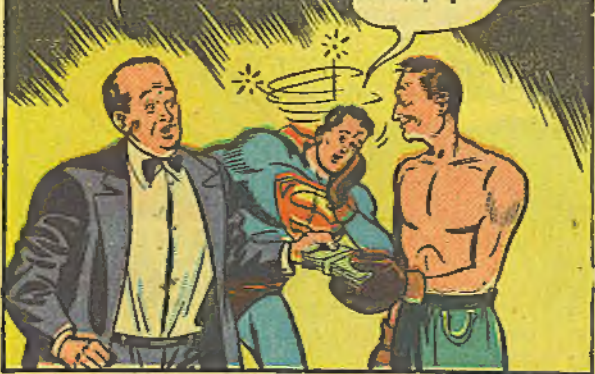
YOWIE! HE KNOCKED OUT SUPERMAN!



I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT IF I DIDN'T SEE IT, MR. GLOOP, BUT HERE'S YOUR PRIZE!

WOW! CONGRATULATIONS, MERTON! WHERE IN THE WORLD DID YOU GET A TERRIFIC PUNCH LIKE THAT?

WITHIN AN HOUR, HEADLINES SCREAM THE AMAZING NEWS ACROSS THE CITY...

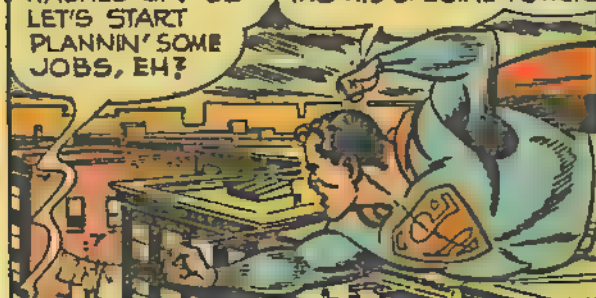




AND AS A DISCONSOLATE SUPERMAN FLIES OVER THE CITY A LITTLE LATER, HIS SUPER-HEARING PICKS UP SOME UNDERWORLD CONVERSATION...

...AND IF A GUY LIKE GLOOP CAN KNOCK HIM OUT, SUPERMAN'S WASHED UP! SO LET'S START PLANNIN' SOME JOBS, EH?

THAT SETTLES IT! I CAN'T LET CRIMINALS RUN RAMPANT THROUGH THE CITY! I'VE GOT TO FIND GLOOP AND DISCOVER WHAT'S CAUSING HIS SPECIAL POWERS!



MEANWHILE, AT THE METROPOLIS RACETRACK...

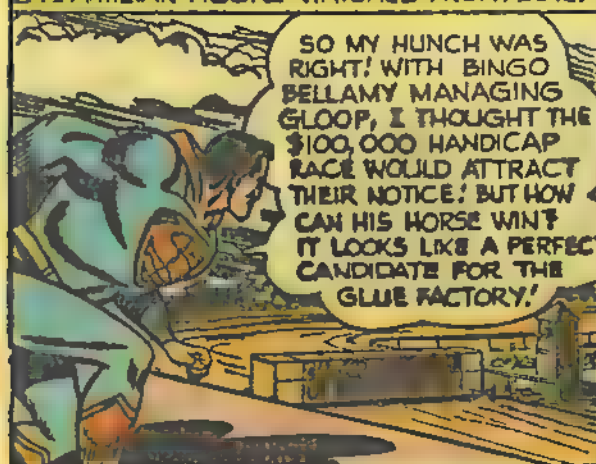
BUT IT ISN'T HONEST FOR ME TO RIDE IN THIS RACE, MR. BELLAMY! HOW CAN THE OTHER HORSES RUN IF I'M RIDING IN FRONT OF THEM?

YOU SIGNED A CONTRACT WITH ME, GLOOP--AND YOU'LL RIDE IN THIS RACE! AND DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF IF YOU WANT TO LIVE TO A RIPE OLD AGE!



AS THE HORSES LINE UP AT THE STARTING LINE, A FAMILIAR FIGURE WATCHES FROM ABOVE!

SO MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! WITH BINGO BELLAMY MANAGING GLOOP, I THOUGHT THE \$100,000 HANDICAP RACE WOULD ATTRACT THEIR NOTICE! BUT HOW CAN HIS HORSE WIN? IT LOOKS LIKE A PERFECT CANDIDATE FOR THE GLUE FACTORY!

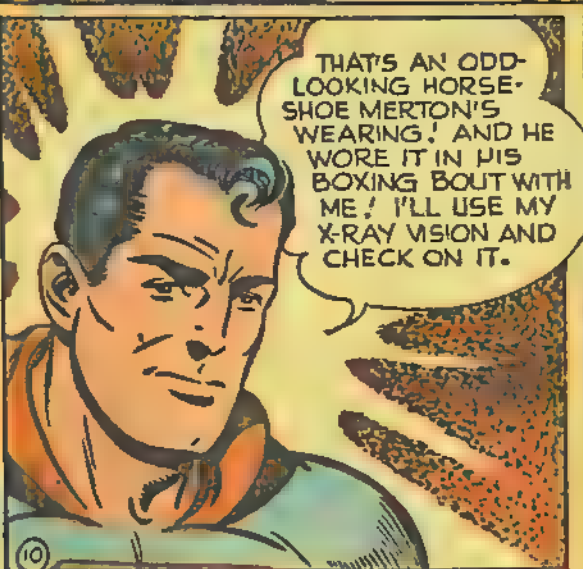


THEY'RE OFF!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, SILVER STREAK? YOU'RE RUNNIN' SLOWER THAN A SNAIL!



THAT'S AN ODD-LOOKING HORSE-SHOE MERTON'S WEARING! AND HE WORE IT IN HIS BOXING BOUT WITH ME! I'LL USE MY X-RAY VISION AND CHECK ON IT.



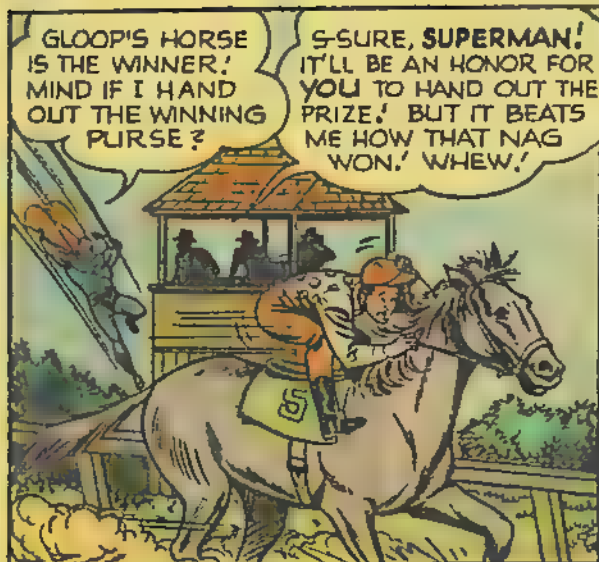
BUT AS SUPERMAN DIRECTS HIS X-RAY VISION ON THE GLEAMING HORSESHOE, SUDDENLY HIS EYES ARE SMITTEN WITH A BLINDING FLASH!

WOW! MY EYES! FEELS LIKE THEY'RE ON FIRE! BUT AT LAST I'VE LEARNED THE TRUTH ABOUT MERTON GLOOP'S SPECIAL POWER!



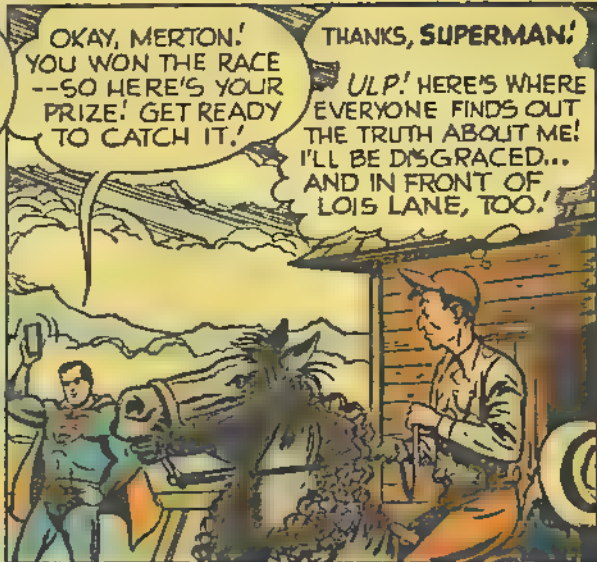
WHAT HAPPENED TO SUPERMAN'S EYES? SIMPLE! MERTON'S MAGIC HORSESHOE REPELLED THE MAN OF TOMORROW'S X-RAY VISION, AND THREW THE FULL FORCE OF IT RIGHT BACK AT SUPERMAN'S EYES!





GLOOP'S HORSE IS THE WINNER! MIND IF I HAND OUT THE WINNING PURSE?

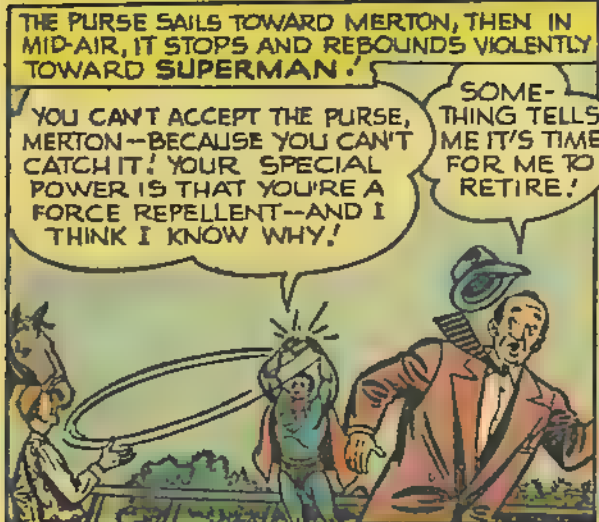
S-SURE, **SUPERMAN!** IT'LL BE AN HONOR FOR YOU TO HAND OUT THE PRIZE! BUT IT BEATS ME HOW THAT NAG WON! 'WHEW!'



OKAY, MERTON! YOU WON THE RACE --SO HERE'S YOUR PRIZE! GET READY TO CATCH IT!

THANKS, **SUPERMAN!**

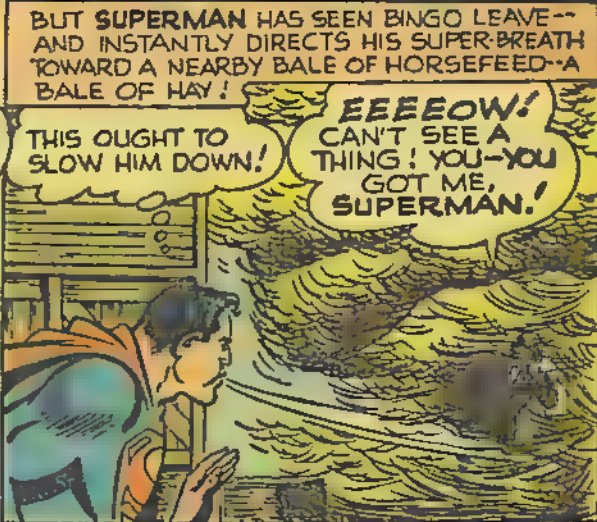
U/LP! HERE'S WHERE EVERYONE FINDS OUT THE TRUTH ABOUT ME! I'LL BE DISGRACED... AND IN FRONT OF LOIS LANE, TOO!



THE PURSE SAILS TOWARD MERTON, THEN IN MID-AIR, IT STOPS AND REBOUNDS VIOLENTLY TOWARD **SUPERMAN!**

YOU CAN'T ACCEPT THE PURSE, MERTON--BECAUSE YOU CAN'T CATCH IT! YOUR SPECIAL POWER IS THAT YOU'RE A FORCE REPELLENT--AND I THINK I KNOW WHY!

SOME-THING TELLS ME IT'S TIME FOR ME TO RETIRE!



BUT **SUPERMAN** HAS SEEN BINGO LEAVE-- AND INSTANTLY DIRECTS HIS SUPER-BREATH TOWARD A NEARBY BALE OF HORSEFEED--A BALE OF HAY!

THIS OUGHT TO SLOW HIM DOWN!

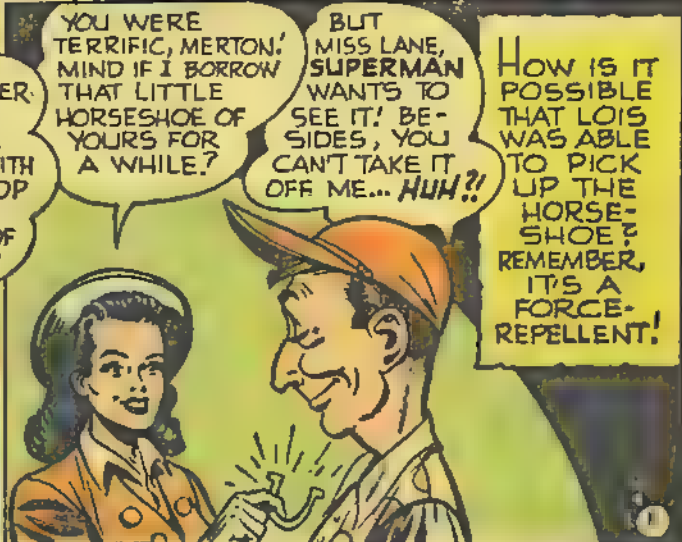
EEEEOW! CAN'T SEE A THING! YOU--YOU GOT ME, **SUPERMAN!**



IN THE JOCKEY'S DRESSING ROOM, BINGO CONFESSES ALL...

... AND THEN I TOLD THE GAMBLING SYNDICATE TO BET HEAVILY ON GLOOP FOR THIS RACE! I--I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET THEM AT 4 O'CLOCK AT THE BLUE EAGLE!

I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE, BINGO! THEN I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH MERTON GLOOP ABOUT THAT HORSESHOE OF HIS!



YOU WERE TERRIFIC, MERTON! MIND IF I BORROW THAT LITTLE HORSESHOE OF YOURS FOR A WHILE?

BUT MISS LANE, **SUPERMAN** WANTS TO SEE IT! BE-SIDES, YOU CAN'T TAKE IT OFF ME... HUH?!

How IS IT POSSIBLE THAT LOIS WAS ABLE TO PICK UP THE HORSESHOE? REMEMBER, IT'S A FORCE-REPELLENT!





AND WHEN **SUPERMAN** RETURNS A FEW MINUTES LATER...

BUT I CAN'T SHOW YOU THE HORSESHOE, **SUPERMAN**! MISS LANE TOOK IT AWAY FROM ME AND LEFT!

WHAT? SHE TOOK IT AWAY FROM YOU? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE-- **UNLESS THE HORSESHOE HAS LOST ITS POWER!** AND IF IT HAS, SHE'S REALLY IN TROUBLE!

EVER THE NEWSPAPER WOMAN, LOIS HAS HEADED RIGHT FOR THE BLUE EAGLE TAVERN, TO KEEP BINGO'S DATE WITH THE GAMBLERS!

BINGO SQUEALED ABOUT YOUR WHOLE CROOKED GAMBLING SET-UP! I'M TAKING THE BUNCH OF YOU IN, UNDERSTAND?

THEY CAN'T HURT ME--NOT WHILE I'VE GOT THIS FORCE-REPELLENT IN MY HAND!

THE DAME'S BATTY! I BETTER SHUT HER UP!

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, SISTER! THIS IS IT!

HA, HA! YOU CAN'T KILL ME! BULLETS JUST BOUNCE OFF ME!

THE BULLET SPEEDS UNERRINGLY TOWARD LOIS...

...THEN, JUST AS IT IS ABOUT TO HIT HER...

LOIS! YOU LITTLE IDIOT! THAT HORSESHOE COULDN'T STOP A FLEA! IT HASN'T ANY FORCE-REPELLING POWER!

IT--IT HASN'T? GOLLY! THEN IF YOU DIDN'T GET HERE, I'D HAVE BEEN K... K... KILLED! OHHH!

BUT **SUPERMAN**, I DON'T GET IT! IF THE HORSESHOE CAN'T REPEL FORCE...

MERTON CONFESSED HE PICKED IT UP IN PROFESSOR CARTER'S LABORATORY! AFTER I DROP OFF THESE CROOKS, WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH THE PROFESSOR!

LATER, AT PROF. CARTER'S LAB...

THE HORSESHOE COULD ONLY REPEL FORCE FOR 24 HOURS! I'D MAKE ANOTHER, BUT I'VE-ER-FORGOTTEN THE FORMULA! BUT MY NEW PROJECT IS BETTER! IT WILL...IT WILL... ER, I'VE FORGOTTEN JUST WHAT IT WILL DO!

A FEW DAYS LATER...

WELL, LOIS-- LOOKS LIKE MERTON GLOOP IS HAPPY NOW!

YES, CLARK! ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD! MERTON'S DOING FINE, BINGO BELLAMY AND HIS FRIENDS ARE IN JAIL, AND PROF. CARTER IS INVENTING A NEW GADGET! AND **SUPERMAN** IS STILL MY HERO! (SIGHHH!)

SEE MERTON GLOOP, THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER KAYOED **SUPERMAN**! HEAR HIS STRANGE STORY!

THE END

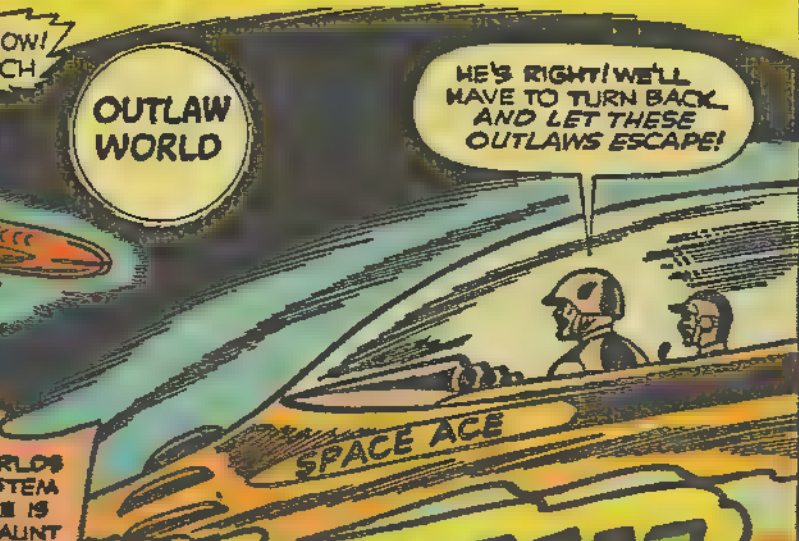


# Tommy TOMORROW

WE'RE SAFE, TOMMY TOMORROW!  
YOU PLANETEERS CAN'T TOUCH  
US BEYOND THE THREE  
MILLION-MILE LIMIT!

OUTLAW  
WORLD

HE'S RIGHT! WE'LL  
HAVE TO TURN BACK  
AND LET THESE  
OUTLAWS ESCAPE!



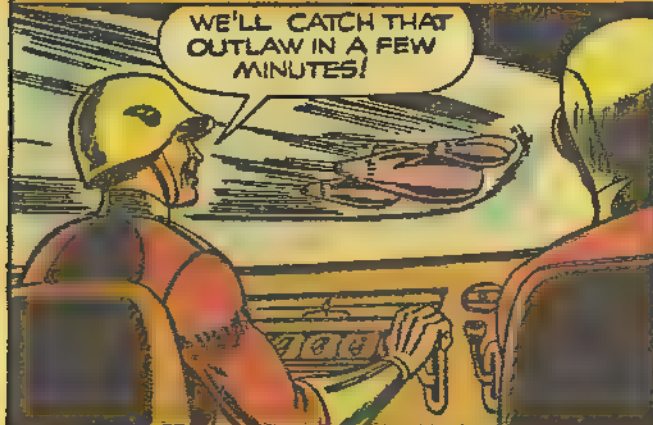
SPACE ACE

**M**ANY LAW-ABIDING WORLDS  
EXIST IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM  
OF THE FUTURE... BUT THERE IS  
ONE WORLD THAT IS THE HAUNT  
OF CRIMINALS, RACKETEERS AND  
GAMBLERS! AND BECAUSE OF  
ITS STRANGE ORIGIN AND  
LOCATION, IT'S THE ONE WORLD  
THAT THE PLANETEERS,  
WHO ENFORCE THE LAW,  
CANNOT VISIT! SO WHEN  
TOMMY TOMORROW GOES  
THERE, HE MUST GO ALONE  
AND WITHOUT AUTHORITY  
TO COMBAT THE DANGERS OF...

## OUTLAW WORLD!

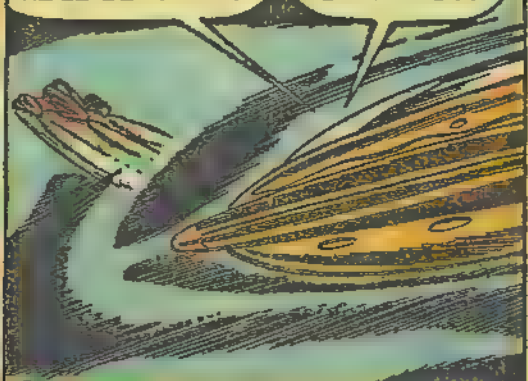
**R**OCKETS SCREAM IN SPACE, AS COLONEL  
TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS...  
IN HIS METEORIC FLYING CRAFT, THE SPACE  
ACE... PURSUES A FLEEING CRIMINAL!

WE'LL CATCH THAT  
OUTLAW IN A FEW  
MINUTES!



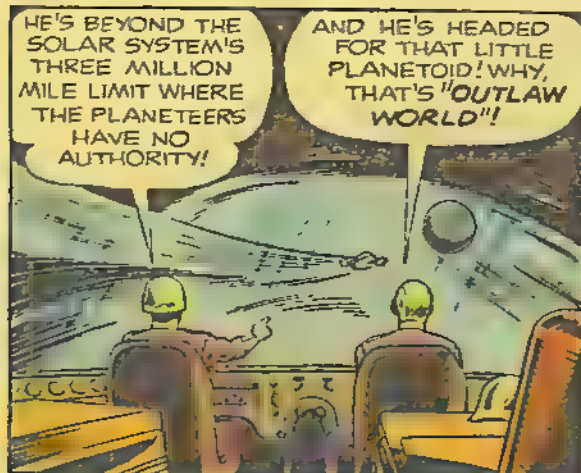
TOMMY, WHY ARE  
YOU STOPPING?  
HE'LL GET AWAY!

SORRY, BUT  
WE HAVE TO  
LET HIM GO!



TOMMY TOMORROW LETTING A CRIMINAL  
ESCAPE? WHAT COULD BE THE REASON?





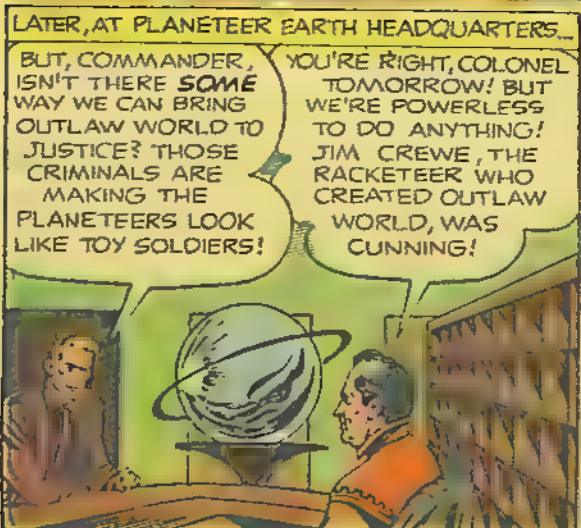
HE'S BEYOND THE SOLAR SYSTEM'S THREE MILLION MILE LIMIT WHERE THE PLANETEERS HAVE NO AUTHORITY!

AND HE'S HEADED FOR THAT LITTLE PLANETOID! WHY, THAT'S "OUTLAW WORLD"!



THERE ISN'T ANY WAY WE CAN TOUCH THAT PLANETOID, EVEN THOUGH IT'S THE MOST NOTORIOUS GAMBLING RESORT AND CRIMINAL LAIR IN THE UNIVERSE!

WE'RE GOING BACK TO HEADQUARTERS! THEY MUST KNOW OF SOME WAY WE CAN GET TO THOSE CROOKS!



LATER, AT PLANETEER EARTH HEADQUARTERS...

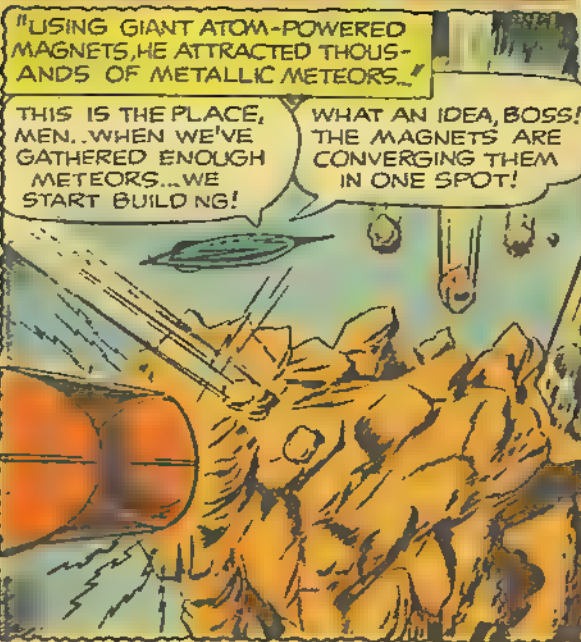
BUT, COMMANDER, ISN'T THERE **SOME** WAY WE CAN BRING OUTLAW WORLD TO JUSTICE? THOSE CRIMINALS ARE MAKING THE PLANETEERS LOOK LIKE TOY SOLDIERS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, COLONEL TOMORROW! BUT WE'RE POWERLESS TO DO ANYTHING! JIM CREWE, THE RACKETEER WHO CREATED OUTLAW WORLD, WAS CUNNING!



"HE WORKED OUT AN INGENIOUS PLAN TO ESTABLISH THE GAMBLING RESORT IN A SAFE LOCATION..."

ONCE WE TOW THE GIANT ELECTRO-MAGNETS OUT BEYOND THE THREE MILLION MILE LIMIT OF THE SYSTEM, NOBODY NOT EVEN THOSE PLANETEERS... CAN TOUCH US!



"USING GIANT ATOM-POWERED MAGNETS, HE ATTRACTED THOUSANDS OF METALLIC METEORS..."

THIS IS THE PLACE, MEN. WHEN WE'VE GATHERED ENOUGH METEORS... WE START BUILDING!

WHAT AN IDEA, BOSS! THE MAGNETS ARE CONVERGING THEM IN ONE SPOT!





"CREWE ACTUALLY CREATED A TINY WORLD, HELD TOGETHER AT ITS CORE BY POWERFUL ELECTRO-MAGNETS!"

NOW TO MAKE OUR NEW PLANET ATTRACTIVE TO CUSTOMERS!



"SOON, THE ARTIFICIALLY CREATED WORLD OUTSIDE THE SOLAR SYSTEM WAS READY FOR ITS SINISTER ACTIVITIES!"

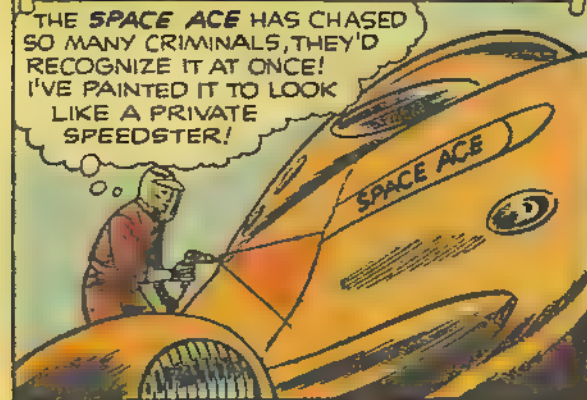


HA! HA! PEOPLE FROM EVERY PLANET IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM WILL COME TO GAMBLE HERE... AND SYSTEM LAW CAN'T EVEN TOUCH ME!

"AND HE WAS RIGHT...SYSTEM LAW CAN'T TOUCH THE OUTLAW WORLD!"

AN HOUR LATER, THE CRIME-FIGHTER OF THE FUTURE, DISGUISED AS A CIVILIAN, IS ON HIS WAY!

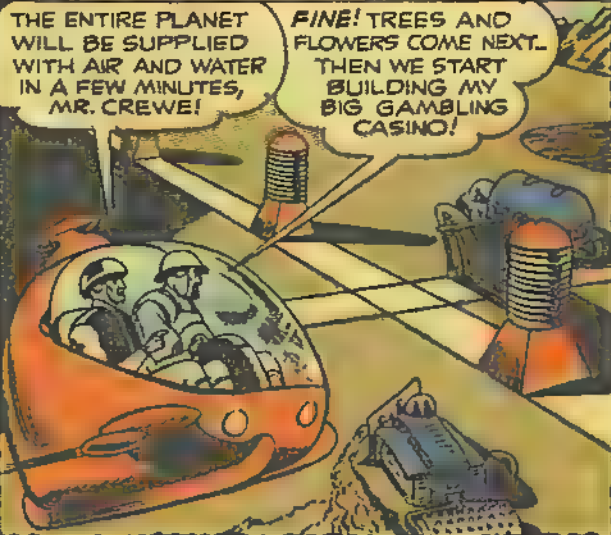
THE **SPACE ACE** HAS CHASED SO MANY CRIMINALS, THEY'D RECOGNIZE IT AT ONCE! I'VE PAINTED IT TO LOOK LIKE A PRIVATE SPEEDSTER!



"THE REST WAS SIMPLE...FLEETS OF SHIPS BROUGHT SOIL FROM OTHER WORLDS TO COVER THE JAGGED PLANETOID, AND HUGE MACHINES PRODUCED AIR AND WATER!"

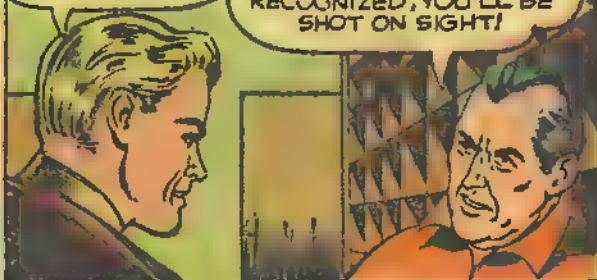
THE ENTIRE PLANET WILL BE SUPPLIED WITH AIR AND WATER IN A FEW MINUTES, MR. CREWE!

FINE! TREES AND FLOWERS COME NEXT. THEN WE START BUILDING MY BIG GAMBLING CASINO!



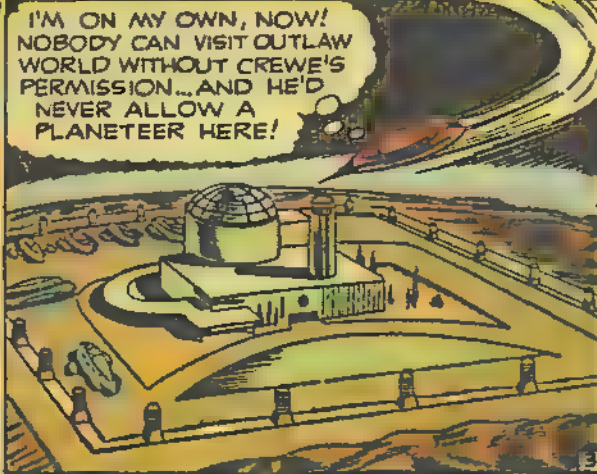
BUT SIR, THERE MUST BE **SOME** WAY TO STOP CREWE'S RACKET! LET ME GO THERE AND TRY!

VERY WELL, COLONEL! BUT YOU MUST GO IN PLAIN CLOTHES, BECAUSE WE HAVE NO AUTHORITY THERE! ALSO, MANY CRIMINALS HIDE THERE...IF YOU'RE RECOGNIZED, YOU'LL BE SHOT ON SIGHT!

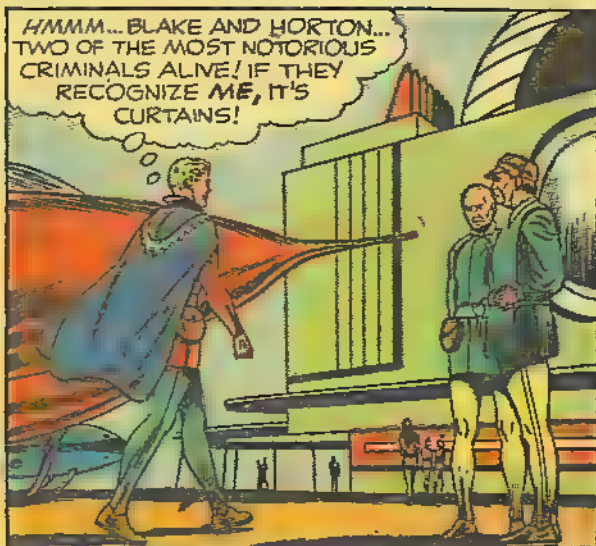


PRESENTLY, HE ARRIVED AT THE MOST DANGEROUS, CROOK-HAUNTED PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE... **OUTLAW WORLD!**

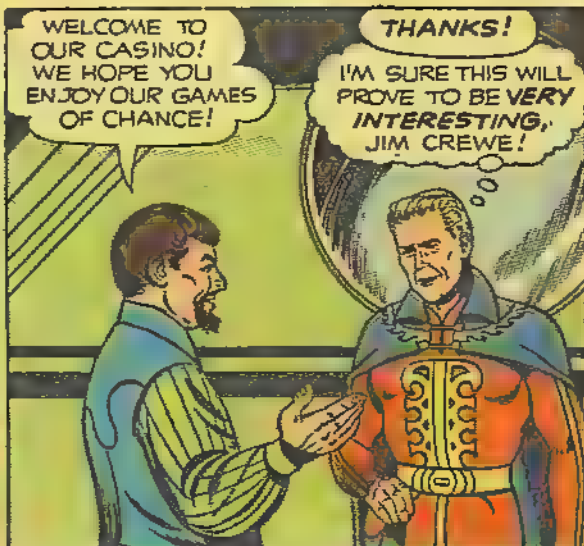
I'M ON MY OWN, NOW! NOBODY CAN VISIT OUTLAW WORLD WITHOUT CREWE'S PERMISSION...AND HE'D NEVER ALLOW A PLANETEER HERE!







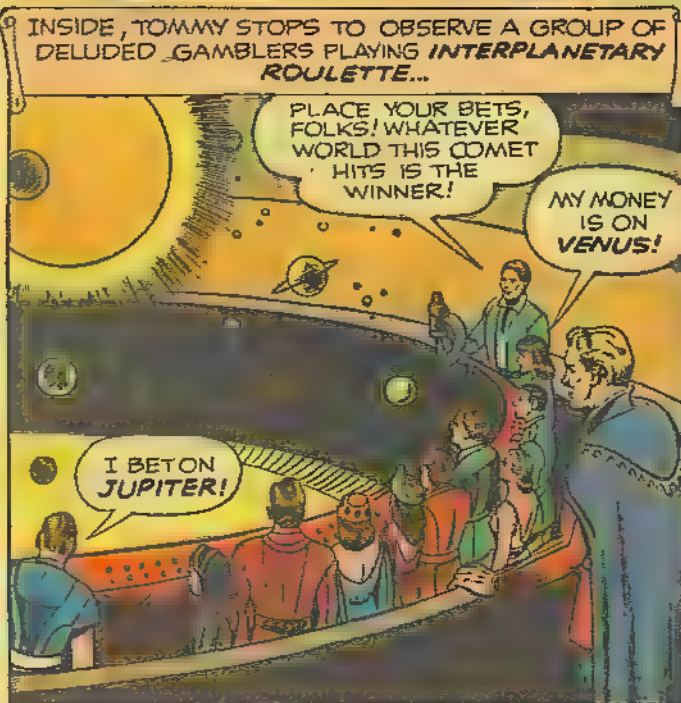
HMMM...BLAKE AND HORTON... TWO OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS ALIVE! IF THEY RECOGNIZE ME, IT'S CURTAINS!



WELCOME TO OUR CASINO! WE HOPE YOU ENJOY OUR GAMES OF CHANCE!

THANKS!

I'M SURE THIS WILL PROVE TO BE VERY INTERESTING, JIM CREWE!



INSIDE, TOMMY STOPS TO OBSERVE A GROUP OF DELUDED GAMBLERS PLAYING **INTERPLANETARY ROULETTE**...

PLACE YOUR BETS, FOLKS! WHATEVER WORLD THIS COMET HITS IS THE WINNER!

MY MONEY IS ON **VENUS**!

I BET ON **JUPITER**!

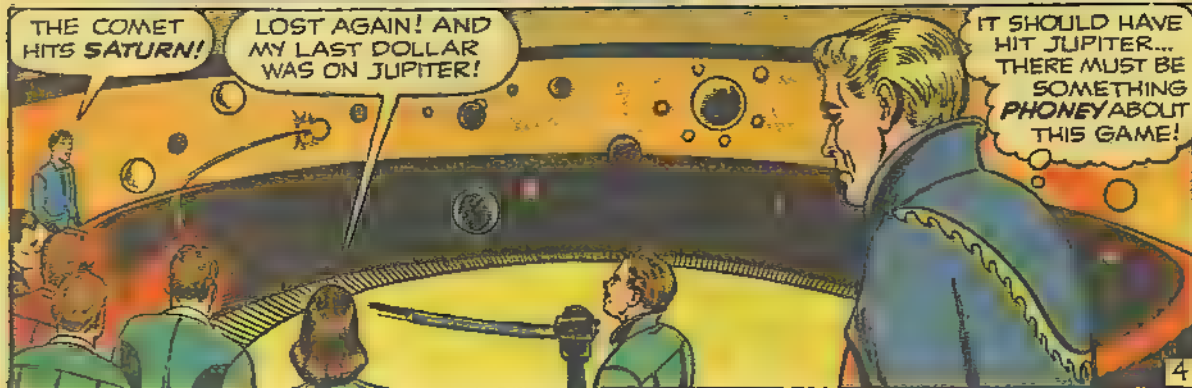


THE MINIATURE, JET-POWERED "COMET" IS RELEASED AND...

BY ITS COURSE, THAT LITTLE "COMET" SHOULD HIT JUPITER ALL RIGHT! THAT MEANS THE BETTORS WILL WIN!

COME ON, COMET... HIT **JUPITER**!

**JUPITER!** HIT JUPITER!



THE COMET HITS **SATURN**!

LOST AGAIN! AND MY LAST DOLLAR WAS ON JUPITER!

IT SHOULD HAVE HIT JUPITER... THERE MUST BE SOMETHING **PHONEY** ABOUT THIS GAME!



WITH THESE FLUOROSCOPIC SPECTACLES, MY VISION CAN PIERCE THE OUTER SURFACE OF THE "COMET"! THAT'LL TELL ME IF MY SUSPICIONS ARE CORRECT!

ONCE AGAIN, THE "COMET" SPINS, THIS TIME REVEALING...

...INVISIBLE **FORCE-BEAMS**! NO WONDER THE HEAVY BETTORS KEEP LOSING! WITH THOSE BEAMS, CREWE'S RACKETEERS CAN GUIDE THE "COMET" INTO WHATEVER PLANET THEY CHOOSE!

**M**OVING TO THE STAR-DICE GAME, TOMMY MAKES THE SAME STARTLING DISCOVERY...

FORCE BEAMS CONTROL THE DICE, TOO! THERE'S NO CHANCE FACTOR IN THIS GAME EITHER!

...AT THE ROBOT PRIZE FIGHT...

SO DID I! HE'S TWICE AS STRONG AS THE BLUE!

HERE THEY USE THE UNSEEN BEAM TO PULL THE RED ROBOT'S PUNCHES!

I PUT MY BET ON THE RED ROBOT!

...AND EVEN AT THE JOVIAN LIZARD-RACE, HE FINDS CROOKS CHEATING DUPED GAMBLERS!

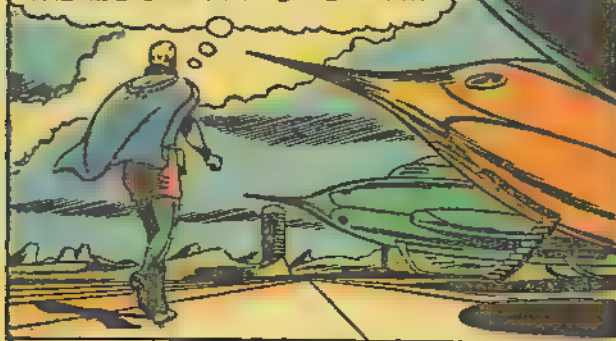
THE FAVORITE LOSES... WE'RE CLEANED OUT!

WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW IS THAT FORCE-BEAMS HELD BACK THEIR FAVORITE LIZARD!



LEAVING THE CROOKED CASINO, TOMMY BEGINS TO WORK OUT A PLAN...

I OUGHT TO LET THOSE GAMBLERS LOSE ALL THEIR MONEY...TO TEACH THEM A LESSON! BUT STOPPING CREWE'S RACKET IS MORE IMPORTANT...AND THERE'S ONE WAY TO DO THAT!



IN THE 'SPACE ACE,' TOMMY QUICKLY CONVERTS A DRIVE-GENERATOR INTO A POWERFUL PRODUCER OF INTERFERENCE-FORCE!

IT'S BROADCAST POWER WILL DIVERT THE FORCE-BEAMS THEY USE TO RIG THEIR GAMES!



ABRUPTLY, IN THE CASINO, THERE IS A STARTLING CHANGE OF LUCK!

EARTH, THE PLANET WE ALL BET ON... IT WINS!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

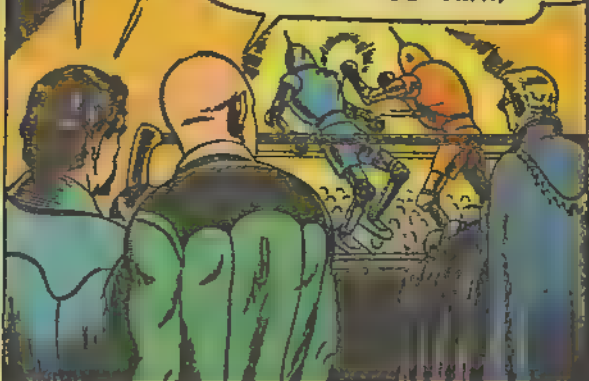
BOSS, OUR ROBOT PRIZE-FIGHT FIX HAS ALSO GONE HAYWIRE!



HOORAY! THE RED ROBOT WINS!

SOMEONE MUST'VE CAUGHT ONTO OUR FORCE-BEAM GAG AND IS USING INTERFERENCE TO SPOIL IT!

THAT GUY WAS WATCHING THE GAMES WITH QUEER SPECTACLES! HE LOOKS SUSPICIOUS! LET'S GET HIM!



MOMENTS LATER, IN A CORNER OF THE FIGHT STADIUM...

LOOK! A PLANETEER! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU SNEAKED IN, MISTER...BUT YOU'D BETTER TELL US WHERE YOU SET UP YOUR INTERFERENCE GENERATOR... IF YOU WANT TO GET OFF HERE ALIVE!

WE'LL FIND THE THING, BOSS!

SORRY, I'M NOT TALKING TODAY!



BUT THE CROOKS' SEARCH IS FRUITLESS...

WE CAN'T FIND HIS INTERFERENCE-GADGET ANYWHERE, BOSS! AND OUR GAMES ARE GOING HAYWIRE!

THE CUSTOMERS ARE CLEANING US OUT! WE'LL HAVE TO USE STRONGER BEAMS TO OVERCOME HIS INTERFERENCE-FORCE!





THOSE BIG ELECTRO-MAGNETIC GENERATORS... WE'LL TURN SOME OF THEIR POWER INTO OUR FORCE-BEAMS!

BUT THAT'S THE POWER THAT HOLDS THIS PLANET TOGETHER! STILL, THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO DO IT...

AND SO, PRESENTLY---

WE DID IT! WE'VE GOT THE GAMES UNDER CONTROL AGAIN!

GOOD! NOW TO SETTLE THIS PLANETEER! I'M THE LAW ON OUTLAW WORLD, AND SENTENCE HIM TO DEATH!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

A GROUND QUAKE!

YOU WEAKENED THE MAGNETS THAT HOLD YOUR SYNTHETIC WORLD TOGETHER! NOW THE GRAVITY PULL OF NEIGHBORING PLANETS IS TEARING IT APART!

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE! GO GET THE MONEY!

INSTANTLY, PANIC REIGNS AS THE FRIGHTENED CROWD OF GAMBLERS SEEKS FRANTICALLY TO ESCAPE...

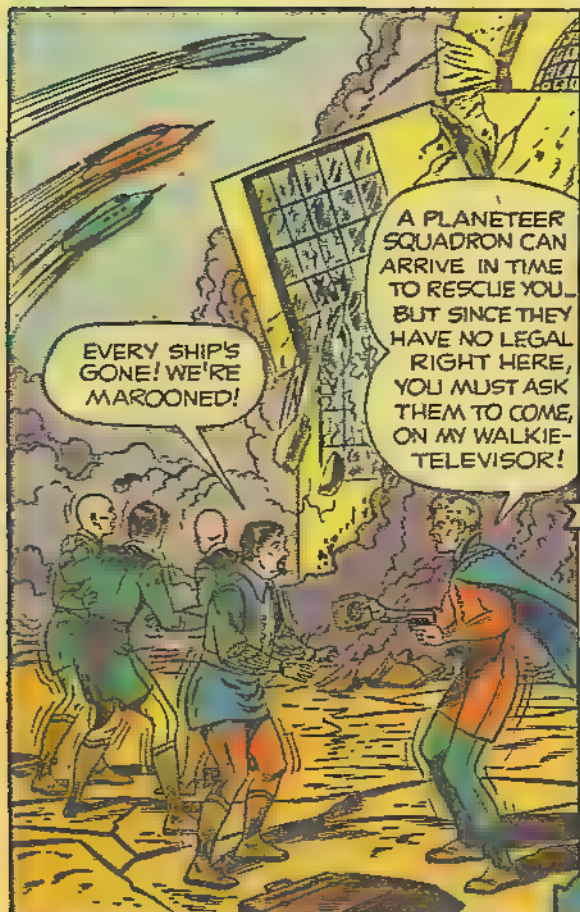
HURRY TO YOUR SHIPS BEFORE YOU'RE ALL HURTTLED INTO SPACE! YOU CAN TAKE MY SHIP, TOO!

AND AS THE CROOKS TRY TO MAKE THEIR GETAWAY...

THAT PLANETEER STARTED A STAMPEDE! WE CAN'T GET TO THOSE SHIPS! WE'LL DIE IN THIS QUAKE!

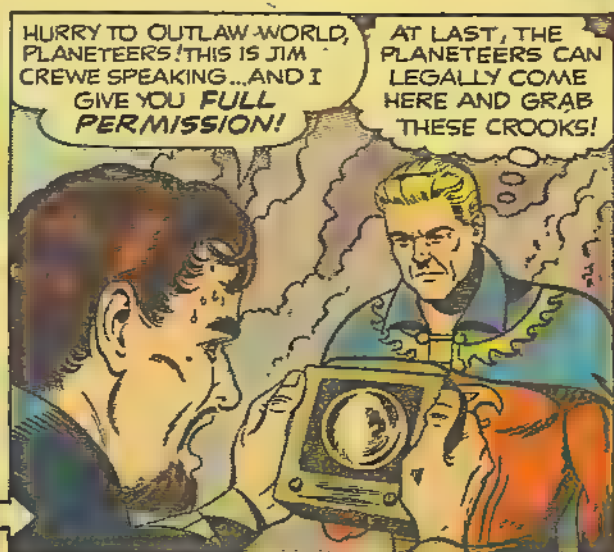
YOU BUILT OUTLAW WORLD... I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO STAY HERE!





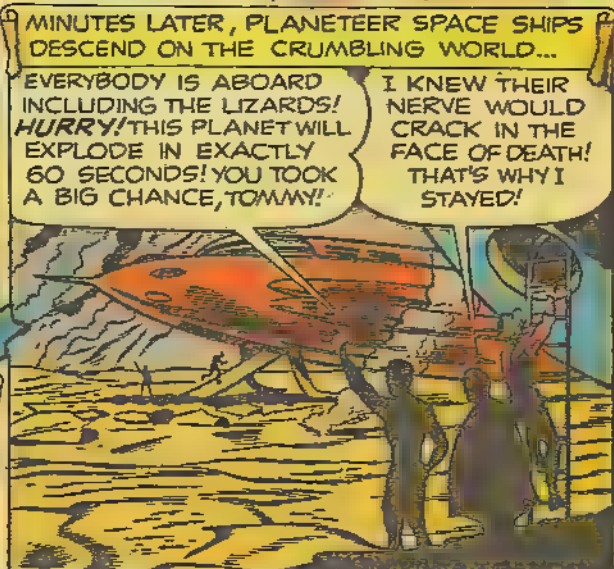
EVERY SHIP'S GONE! WE'RE MAROONED!

A PLANETEER SQUADRON CAN ARRIVE IN TIME TO RESCUE YOU... BUT SINCE THEY HAVE NO LEGAL RIGHT HERE, YOU MUST ASK THEM TO COME, ON MY WALKIE-TELEVISOR!



HURRY TO OUTLAW-WORLD, PLANETEERS! THIS IS JIM CREWE SPEAKING...AND I GIVE YOU **FULL PERMISSION!**

AT LAST, THE PLANETEERS CAN LEGALLY COME HERE AND GRAB THESE CROOKS!



MINUTES LATER, PLANETEER SPACE SHIPS DESCEND ON THE CRUMBLING WORLD...

EVERYBODY IS ABOARD INCLUDING THE LIZARDS! **HURRY!** THIS PLANET WILL EXPLODE IN EXACTLY 60 SECONDS! YOU TOOK A BIG CHANCE, TOMMY!

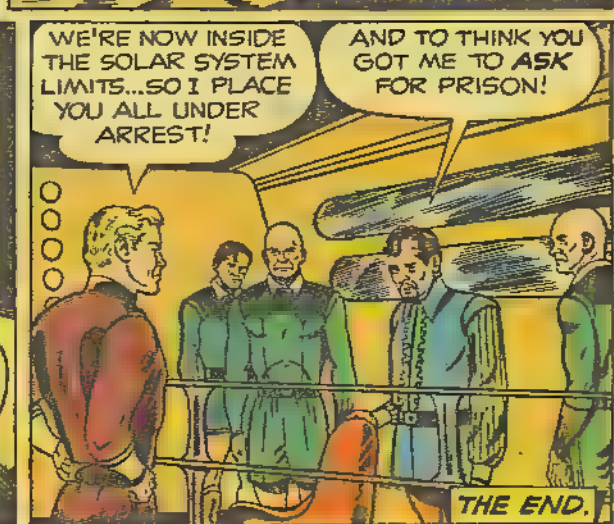
I KNEW THEIR NERVE WOULD CRACK IN THE FACE OF DEATH! THAT'S WHY I STAYED!

SCARCELY DOES THE LAST SHIP SCREAM INTO SPACE WHEN A DOOMED WORLD MEETS ITS END!



WHEW! WE MADE IT JUST IN TIME!

THAT GAMBLING PLAGUE-SPOT IS WIPED OUT FOREVER!



WE'RE NOW INSIDE THE SOLAR SYSTEM LIMITS...SO I PLACE YOU ALL UNDER ARREST!

AND TO THINK YOU GOT ME TO ASK FOR PRISON!

THE END.



# CONGO BILL

WHO WOULD RESORT TO MURDER AND DECEIT, JUST TO STEAL AN OLD, WORTHLESS BELL? THAT WAS THE PROBLEM CONFRONTING THE TOWNFOLK OF INLET, BRITISH GUINEA, WHEN THEY AWAKENED ONE MORNING TO DISCOVER THEIR ANCIENT BELL MISSING AND THE TOWN BELL-RINGER DEAD! AND THAT'S THE QUESTION CONGO BILL, ACE TROUBLE-SHOOTER FOR WORLD WIDE INSURANCE, MUST ANSWER AS HE ATTEMPTS TO SOLVE THE...

## "MYSTERY OF THE STOLEN BELL"



TOWARD THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, SETTLERS IN BRITISH GUINEA WERE STILL UNPROTECTED FROM THE FIERCE RAIDS OF PAPUAN HEADHUNTERS --- NATIVES OF THE JUNGLE DEPTHS OF DUTCH GUINEA...



SOON, THE SETTLERS TOOK MATTERS INTO THEIR OWN HANDS ..

WITH THESE VALUABLE SILVER OBJECTS, WE WILL PURCHASE THIS **HUGE ALARM BELL!**

WHENEVER IT CLANGS, COME RUNNING WITH YOUR GUNS AND SABRES!

WE'LL NEVER BE CAUGHT BY SURPRISE AGAIN!





FOR YEARS, THE SILVER BELL DID ITS WORK, UNTIL THE HEADHUNTER MENACE GRADUALLY DIED AWAY, AND THE BELL BECAME AN ORNAMENT FOR RINGING OUT THE TIME OF DAY. SUDDENLY, ONE MORNING...



"HELP! HELP! SOMEBODY STOLE THE VILLAGE BELL AND MURDERED THE BELL-RINGER!"

THERE WERE NO CLUES, NONE AT ALL!

WE'D BETTER TELL THE GOVERNOR. HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO...



LATER, AT THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, WHERE CONGO BILL, WORLD-FAMOUS ADVENTURER, IS AN HONORED GUEST...

BY JOVE, BILL! LOOKS LIKE YOU CAME AT THE RIGHT TIME!

THE FAMOUS OLD BELL... WHY SHOULD ANYONE COMMIT MURDER FOR IT?



SOON, AT THE EMPTY BELL TOWER...

LOOK! A BAMBOO KNIFE! THE KIND USED BY HEAD-HUNTERS OF THE INTERIOR!

BY JOVE! WE'VE BEEN AT PEACE WITH THE HEAD-HUNTERS FOR YEARS! WHY WOULD THEY STEAL OUR BELL? IT'S OF NO POSSIBLE USE TO THEM!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE GOVERNOR'S LIBRARY...

MEET MY SECRETARY, BURT TRENT! HE'S AN AMERICAN WHO CAME TO STUDY THE ISLAND.

YES, I'M WRITING A BOOK ABOUT IT. THE GOVERNOR'S RECORDS CONTAIN A SPLENDID HISTORY OF PAPUA.



... AND ALSO A PROFITABLE HISTORY! HA/HA! IF CONGO BILL THINKS HE'S GOING TO RESCUE THAT BELL BEFORE I SAY SO, HE'S OFF HIS TROLLEY!

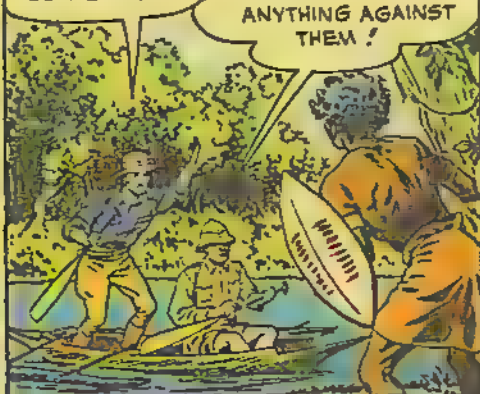




DAYS LATER, DEEP IN THE HILL JUNGLES...

TAKE US TO YOUR VILLAGE. I WISH TO TALK WITH YOUR CHIEF.

IT'S NO USE, I TELL YOU! THESE NATIVES ARE CLEVER-- YOU'LL NEVER PROVE ANYTHING AGAINST THEM!



ONE OF YOUR TRIBE MURDERED THE BELLRINGER AT INLET! HE MUST BE PUNISHED FOR THAT CRIME!

NO! NOT KILL! NO MAN OF TRIBE KILL ANYONE!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CHIEF'S TENT...

I TELL YOU THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! I BOUGHT THAT BELL AND HIRED SOME OF YOUR TRIBE TO CARRY IT INTO THE JUNGLE! YOU WON'T GET IN TROUBLE!

PERHAPS NOT, WHITE MAN! BUT THE JUNGLE DRUMS TELL ME CONGO BILL IS COMING UP-RIVER!



... AND WHERE CONGO BILL COMES, THERE IS TROUBLE FOR MEN WHO HAVE DONE EVIL!

I PROMISE YOU.. NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO ANYONE OF YOUR TRIBE!



MINUTES LATER, AT THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE...

MY WARRIOR TELLS ME A WHITE MAN WAS KILLED, CONGO BILL. NO MAN OF MY TRIBE IS GUILTY!

BUT THIS BAMBOO KNIFE COMES FROM YOUR TRIBE! STILL THERE IS A WAY TO TELL IF YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH...



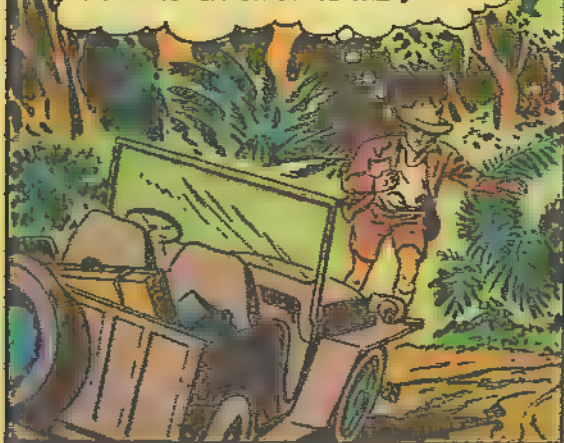
AT THAT MOMENT, NEARBY---

HA, HA! THE GOVERNOR'S RECORDS TOLD ME THIS BAR OF SILVER--WITH THE MAP OF A GOLD MINE SCRATCHED INTO IT-- WAS RIVETED INTO THIS BELL! NOW I HAVE THE SECRET!





THE GAS IN THIS JEEP IS RUNNING LOW, BUT THERE'S A STATION NEARBY WHERE I CAN TANK UP. THEN NOBODY'LL BE ABLE TO CATCH UP TO ME!



AND AT THE HEADHUNTERS' VILLAGE ...

YES, THERE'S ONE SURE WAY OF LEARNING WHETHER ANY OF YOUR TRIBESMEN KILLED THE BELLRINGER.

PROVE THE INNOCENCE OF MY PEOPLE, CONGO BILL, AND WE WILL HELP YOU IN YOUR SEARCH FOR THE KILLER.



SOON, AN ODD PROCESSION TAKES PLACE BEFORE CONGO BILL AND THE OLD CHIEF...

SO FAR, SO GOOD. KEEP 'EM MOVING, CHIEF.

BILL MUST BE LOSING HIS HEAD, MAKING EVERY NATIVE IN THE VILLAGE FILE PAST HIM!



DO YOU JOLLY WELL KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, OLD FELLOW? HOW IN THE WORLD CAN YOU DECIDE A MAN'S GUILT OR INNOCENCE JUST BY LOOKING AT HIM?

IT'S EASY-- IF YOU KNOW THE TRICK!



FINALLY, AS THE LAST NATIVE PASSES THE SCRUTINIZING GAZE OF CONGO BILL...

I'M HAPPY TO SAY THAT THE MURDERER IS NOT ONE OF THE CHIEF'S TRIBESMEN!

BY JOVE! EITHER I'M BLIND, OR YOUR EYES HAVE SOME MAGIC POWER!



NOT MAGIC POWER AT ALL! YOU SEE, THE HEADHUNTERS HAVE A CUSTOM THAT ANYONE WHO HAS KILLED A MAN MUST BE 'TATTOOED WITH SPECIAL MARKINGS.' SINCE THERE WERE NO NEW TATTOO MARKS AT ALL ON THE WARRIORS, NONE OF THEM COULD HAVE KILLED THE BELLRINGER!





MOMENTS LATER, AT THE SITE OF THE HIDDEN BELL...

IN GRATITUDE, CONGO BILL, HERE IS THE STOLEN BELL! WE WERE TOLD BY THE AMERICAN, TRENT, THAT HE HAD BOUGHT IT!

TRENT, EH? HMM... THERE'S A PIECE MISSING... HE MUST HAVE TAKEN IT WITH HIM.

BUT WHY WOULD HE WANT A SECTION OF AN OLD BELL?



TRENT MUST HAVE DISCOVERED THAT SOMETHING VALUABLE WAS HIDDEN IN THE OLD BELL! IT WAS PROBABLY REVEALED BY HIS RESEARCH IN THE GOVERNOR'S LIBRARY!

AND HE'S ESCAPED IN A JEEP... NOW WE'LL NEVER CATCH HIM!



MEANWHILE, MANY MILES AHEAD...

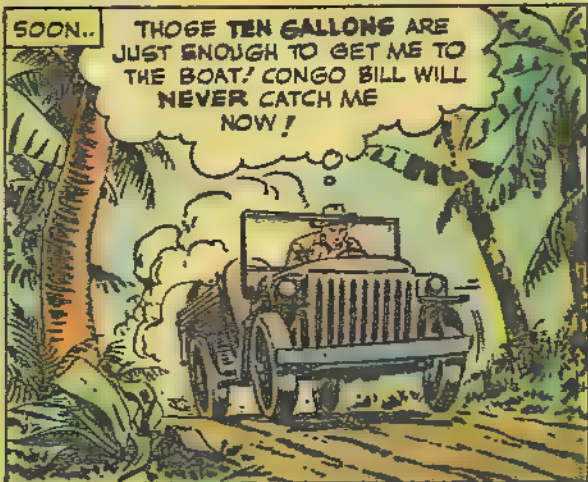
HI, THERE! AREN'T YOU THAT AMERICAN, BURT TRENT? I'M FROM BROOKLYN, MYSELF! -- SAY, I DON'T HAVE TOO MUCH GAS LEFT...

ALL I NEED ARE TEN GALLONS... OKAY?



SOON...

THOSE TEN GALLONS ARE JUST ENOUGH TO GET ME TO THE BOAT! CONGO BILL WILL NEVER CATCH ME NOW!



HOURS LATER, AT THE GAS STATION...

IT'S NO USE, BILL! HE MUST HAVE BOARDED THE STEAMER BY NOW! WE'LL NEVER REACH IT IN TIME!

THERE'S STILL A CHANCE... THIS ATTENDANT IS AN AMERICAN...



HE TOOK TEN GALLONS, YOU SAY? THAT'S ENOUGH TO GET HIM TO THE COAST... BUT WAIT! DID YOU GIVE HIM TEN AMERICAN OR TEN BRITISH GALLONS?

WELL... I FIGURED SINCE HE'S A FELLOW AMERICAN, I'D GIVE HIM TEN GOOD AMERICAN GALLONS!







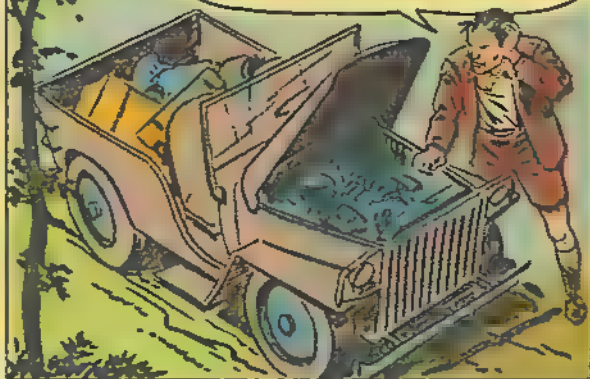
THAT'S THE BREAK I WAS HOPING FOR! AMERICAN GALLONS ARE TWENTY PER CENT LESS THAN BRITISH GALLONS! TRENT WAS PROBABLY EXPECTING BRITISH GALLONS...HIS TANK WILL GO DRY LONG BEFORE HE REACHES THE COAST!



AND AT THAT MOMENT...

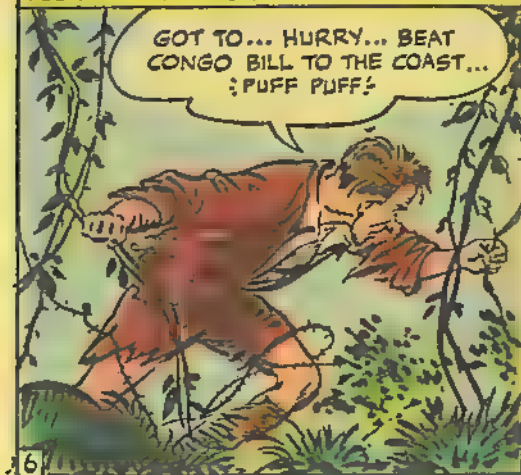
**NO MORE GAS!**

BUT TEN GALLONS SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME THROUGH! NOW I'M STUCK--MILES FROM THE BOAT DOCK-- WITH CONGO BILL FOLLOWING ME!



DESPERATELY, RECKLESSLY, BURT TRENT PLUNGES THROUGH VINES AND CREEPERS...

GOT TO... HURRY... BEAT CONGO BILL TO THE COAST...  
PUFF PUFF!

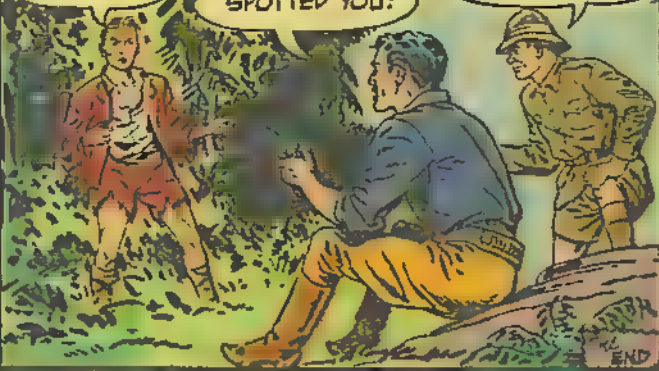


BUT AS HE EMERGES FROM THE THICK JUNGLE...

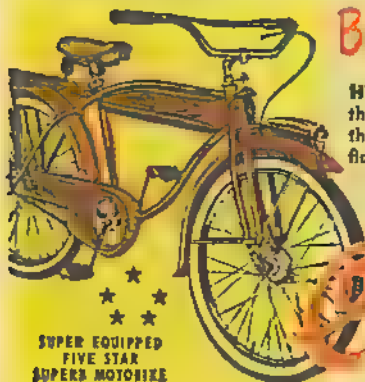
CONGO BILL! YOU KNEW WHERE I WAS ALL ALONG!

YOU MADE SO MUCH NOISE, EVEN A TENDERFOOT COULD HAVE SPOTTED YOU!

AND BY JOVE! CONGO BILL IS NO TENDERFOOT!



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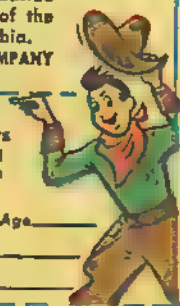
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WITHOUT GUNS OR TOOLS OF ANY TYPE, THIS PRAIRIE PHANTOM OPENED SAFES AND STRONGBOXES THAT WOULD FOOL HOUDINI HIMSELF! **TELEVISION WAVES**--MILES FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME--WERE HIS ONLY WEAPON. TO SOLVE THESE NEW CRIMES, THE VIGILANTE, FIGHTING DEFENDER OF WESTERN JUSTICE, HAD TO REACH INTO HIS OWN BAG OF TRICKS, WHEN HE BECAME...

*"The  
COWBOY  
MAGICIAN"*

DAN  
BARRY

IMPOSSIBLE!  
HE'S CLIMBING  
A ROPE HELD UP  
BY NOTHING  
AT ALL!



ONE DAY AS **GREG SANDERS**, FAMED PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR AND HIS PAL, **STUFF**, CONCLUDE THEIR POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM...

THIS IS GREG SANDERS INVITIN' YOU TO TUNE IN AGAIN NEXT WEEK...UNTIL THEN, REMEMBER...

WE DON'T ROPE CATTLE,  
AND WE DON'T RIDE  
IN A RO-DE-O--  
WE'RE JUST A PAIR OF  
LONESOME COWBOYS,  
WHO SING ON A  
RA-D-I-O--



GREAT NEWS, GREG! OUR STATION HAS JUST GOTTEN ITS **TELEVISION LICENSE!** WE BEGIN REHEARSALS TOMORROW!

GREAT, MR. BALES! STUFF AND I ARE PRACTICALLY READY TO START TOMORROW!



AND SO, AFTER WEEKS OF HECTIC PREPARATION, THE BIG DAY ARRIVES AS TELEVISION COMES TO THE COW COUNTRY...



BUT THAT NIGHT, WHEN STUFF AND GREG GO INTO THEIR ACT...

REMEMBER WHEN YOU'RE WEARY, THERE'S A PLACE WHERE YOU'LL FIND REST, THAT'S A WEATHER-BEATEN RANCH HOUSE, IN THE HEART OF THE GOLDEN WEST...

HUH! WHAT'S SO GOOD ABOUT THAT? WE KIN HEAR THE SAME THING ON RADIO!



NO POINT IN WATCHIN' THEM PERFORM...WE WANT TO SEE ACTION!

NEXT MORNING, IN THE STATION MANAGER'S OFFICE...

YOUR ACT DIDN'T GO OVER, GREG, BECAUSE IT LACKS ACTION AND NOVELTY! THIS IS TELEVISION, NOT RADIO! TAKE OUR NEW ANNOUNCER, FRANK MILLS...HE'S DOING HIS "MEN TO REMEMBER" SHOW RIGHT NOW...







SEE ? HE MEETS PROMINENT MEN ON A **STREET CORNER** AND JUST INTERVIEWS THEM INFORMALLY ! THE AUDIENCE LOVES THAT...IT'S SOMETHING **NEW, DIFFERENT !** HERE, HE'S TALKING TO **ALFALFA PERRY**, THE FAMOUS RANCHER...

I GET IT, MR. BALES ! WE'LL FIGURE OUT AN ACT THAT **EVERYBODY** ENJOYS WATCHING !



LATER, IN THE TWO FRIENDS' RANCH HOUSE...

HMM...I CAN'T DANCE... THEY'VE ALREADY GOT AN ACT THAT DOES ROPE TRICKS...SINGING ON HORSEBACK ? NOT MUCH ACTION THERE...

GREG ! I'VE GOT IT ! IT'S RIGHT HERE IN **THIS BOOK !** WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE ?



**MAGIC !** IT USED TO BE MY HOBBY ! WE CAN PRACTICE TOGETHER... YOU'LL BE KNOWN AS THE FIRST **COWBOY MAGICIAN !** HOW'S THAT FOR ACTION AND NOVELTY ?

WHY, THAT'S A **GREAT IDEA**, STUFF ! BUT IF WE WANT TO PUT IT OVER BIG, IT'LL TAKE PLENTY OF HARD WORK ! I'M WILLING, IF YOU ARE !



PRESENTLY, AFTER HOURS AND HOURS OF PRACTICE...

HERE'S A TRICK WE CAN USE, STUFF ! I SECRETLY PALM A STEEL TAPE RULER, AND I DRAPE THIS HANDKERCHIEF SO THAT IT COMPLETELY COVERS MY HAND...



...THEN I PULL THE HANDKERCHIEF UP TO A PEAK, AND IT REMAINS AS IF SUPPORTED BY MAGIC. IN REALITY, IT'S HELD BY THE HIDDEN RULER, WHICH I **SLID OUT OF ITS CASE**.

ATTABOY, GREG ! SOME MORE TRICKS LIKE THAT AND WE'LL BE **FAMOUS !**



THEN, ONE NIGHT, AS GREG AND STUFF RETURN FROM A STUDIO REHEARSAL...

**HELP ! THIEVES ! I'VE BEEN ROBBED !**

LOOK, GREG... THERE THEY GO... DOWN THAT HILL !



SOUNDS LIKE A CALL FOR **VIGILANTE, STUFF !**



INSTANTLY, IN THE SHADOWS, A MAGIC-LIKE CHANGE TAKES PLACE...

I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST...BEFORE THOSE CROOKS ARE OUT OF SIGHT!



...AND THE COWBOY BALLADEER EMERGES AS VIGILANTE, FEARLESS DEPUTY OF LAW AND ORDER...

THOSE HOMBRES SPOTTED US! THEY'RE HEADED FOR THAT DESERTED RAILWAY TUNNEL!



SUDDENLY...

**YOW!** THEY DYNAMITED THE ENTRANCE! WE'LL NEVER GET AROUND THIS MOUNTAIN IN TIME TO MEET 'EM AT THE OTHER END!



MINUTES LATER, WHEN THEY RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY...

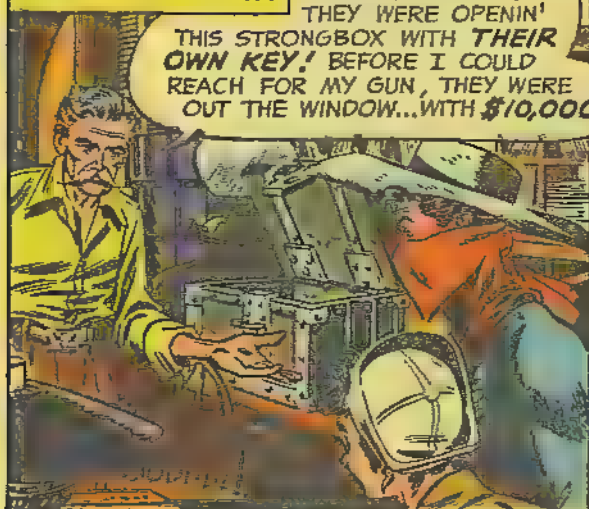
VIGILANTE! I'M POWERFUL GLAD TO SEE YOU!

WHY, IT'S **ALFALFA PERRY**, THE RANCHER WE SAW ON THAT "MEN TO REMEMBER" TELEVISION SHOW!



INSIDE THE HOUSE...

WHEN I CAME IN, THEY WERE OPENIN' THIS STRONGBOX WITH **THEIR OWN KEY!** BEFORE I COULD REACH FOR MY GUN, THEY WERE OUT THE WINDOW...WITH **\$10,000!**



WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT IS **WHERE THOSE CROOKS GOT THE KEY!** THIS IS THE **ONLY ONE** THAT FITS THE STRONGBOX...AND IT **NEVER LEFT MY POCKET!**

WE'LL DO OUR BEST TO GET YOUR MONEY BACK, MR. PERRY!

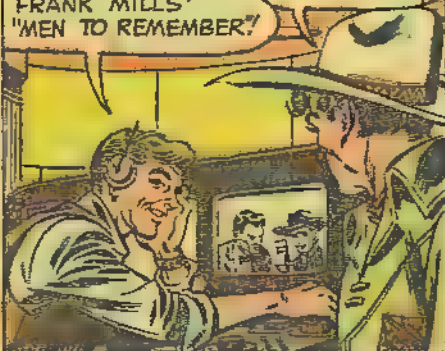




NEXT DAY, AT THE TELEVISION STUDIO...

GET READY, GREG... YOU'RE ON RIGHT AFTER THIS PICK-UP OF FRANK MILLS' "MEN TO REMEMBER!"

I KNOW THAT MAN HE'S INTERVIEWING ...TIM BOWERS, THE OIL MILLIONAIRE.



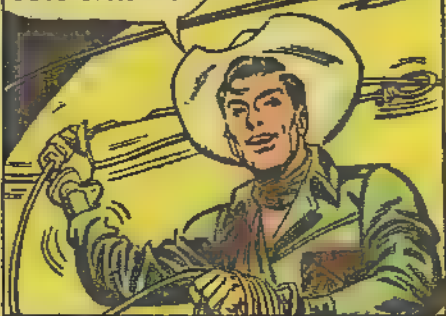
...YES, MY COMPLETE COLLECTION OF WESTERN AMERICANA IS PROTECTED IN AN UNUSUAL WAY! **LOCKS, FROM SEVERAL JAILS OF THE OLD WEST, SECURE THE DOORS, AND...**

ONE MINUTE TO GO, GREG!



AT LAST, GREG'S BIG MOMENT ARRIVES, AND THE **COWBOY MAGICIAN** STEPS BEFORE THE TELEVISION CAMERAS...

HOWDY, FOLKS! I'D LIKE TO BEGIN WITH MY VERSION OF A TRICK THAT'S FAMOUS IN INDIA! **WATCH CAREFULLY AS THE LARIAT GOES UP...UP!**

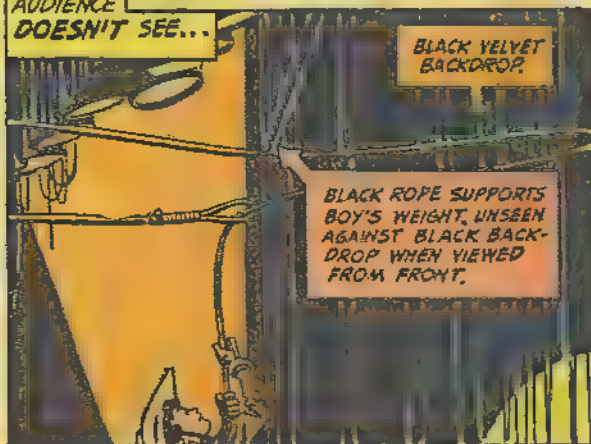


AND BEFORE THE EYES OF AN AMAZED AUDIENCE...

ULP! WHAT A MAGICIAN! STUFF'S CLIMBIN' THE UNSUPPORTED ROPE!



BUT WHAT THE AUDIENCE DOESN'T SEE...

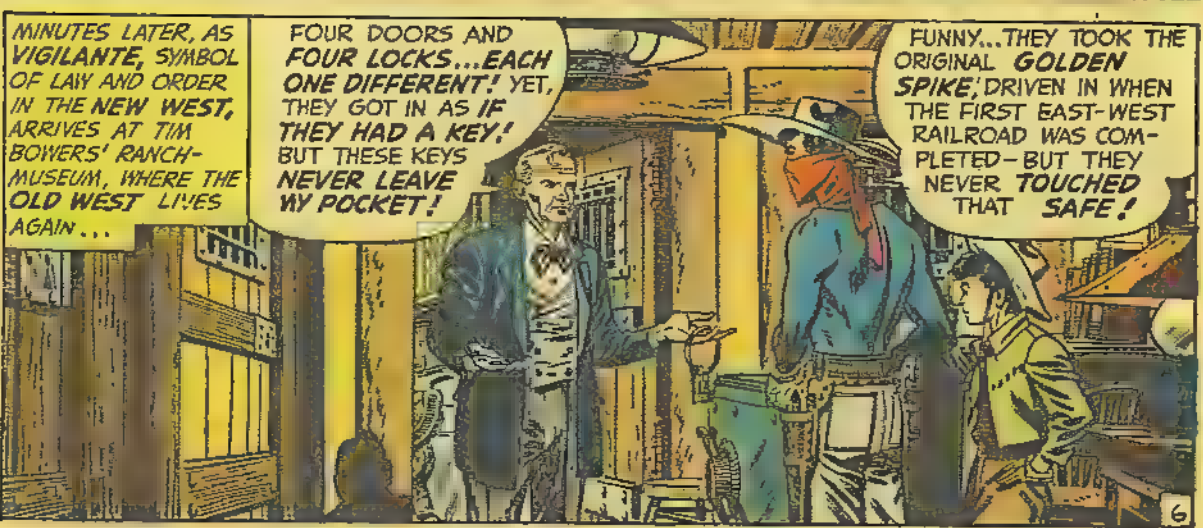
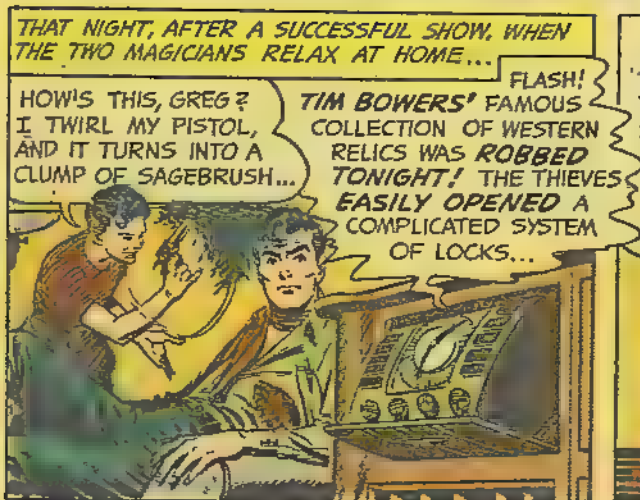
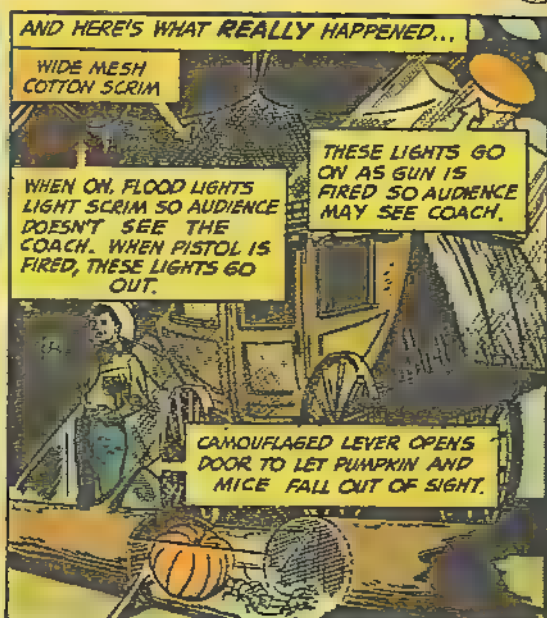


AS THE PRAIRIE HOUDINI CONTINUES...

NOW, EVERYBODY, KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE PUMPKIN AND WHITE MICE...AND WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I FIRE MY SIX-SHOOTER!









HMM... FIRST, ALFALFA PERRY APPEARS ON THE "MEN TO REMEMBER" SHOW, AND HE'S ROBBED! NOW, TIM BOWERS! IT'S TIME THE **VIGILANTE** PAID THAT PROGRAM A VISIT!



NEXT MORNING, AS A WELL-DRESSED STRANGER PAUSES ON A STREET-CORNER...

THIS GUY LOOKS **RICH!** SHOULD BE WORTHWHILE GETTING **HIM** IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA!

GLAD TO OBLIGE, YOUNG MAN! WHAT DO I DO?

SIR, I WONDER IF YOU'D LIKE TO APPEAR ON OUR PROGRAM?



AND WHEN THE SHOW GOES ON THE AIR...

YES, I'M A REAL-ESTATE DEALER, LIVING AT THE OLD **HOWES RANCH!** AND I HAVE **PLENTY OF CASH** AT HOME...FOR FOLKS WHO WANT TO SELL ME LAND!

THANK YOU, MR. RICE! AND NOW, BEFORE WE INTRODUCE OUR NEXT GUEST...



THAT NIGHT, AT THE DESERTED **HOWES RANCH...**

I SAW YOU ON TV TODAY! NOBODY GUESSED THAT WEALTHY MR. RICE WAS REALLY **VIGILANTE**, IN DISGUISE!

GOOD...THERE'S SOME CON-NECTION BETWEEN THAT SHOW AND THE ROBBERIES. I

HAD THE KEYS TO THIS EMPTY STRONGBOX WITH ME SO WE MAY FIND THE ANSWER TONIGHT.



MEANWHILE, INSIDE A TV TRUCK...

MY **HIDDEN FLUOROSCOPIC CAMERA** PENETRATED HIS CLOTHES AND PHOTOGRAPHED THE KEYS IN HIS POCKET! FROM THIS NEGATIVE, I'LL MAKE THE **DUPLICATE KEYS**, LIKE I DID FROM THE **X-RAYS** WE TOOK OF PERRY AND BOWERS!

GOOD! WE'LL VISIT THE **HOWES RANCH** TONIGHT AND USE **THESE KEYS!**



AS THE CROOKED CAMERAMAN EXAMINES THE X-RAY NEGATIVE...

MILLS! LOOK! THERE'S A NAME ENGRAVED ON THE METAL HANDLE OF THE PISTOL!



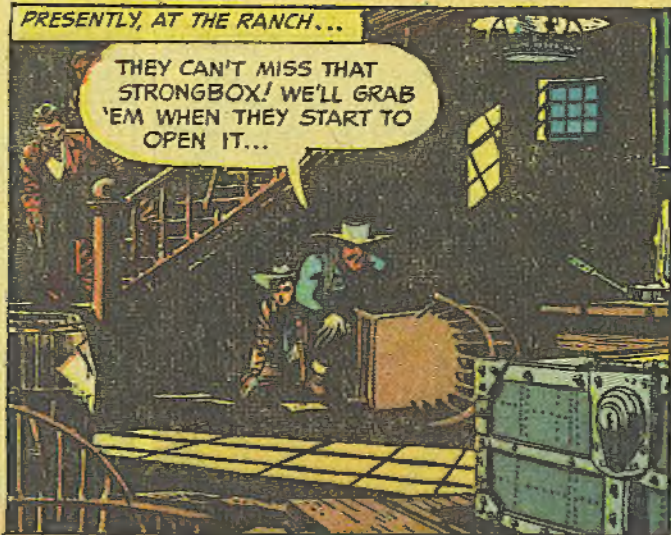


VIGILANTE! SO HE WAS DISGUISED AS RICE! WELL, HERE'S WHERE HE GETS CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP! HA, HA!



PRESENTLY, AT THE RANCH...

THEY CAN'T MISS THAT STRONGBOX! WE'LL GRAB 'EM WHEN THEY START TO OPEN IT...



ABRUPTLY... WE HAVE A WAY OF SEEING THROUGH A DISGUISE, VIGILANTE!

OOOH!



MOMENTS LATER...

JUST AS I THOUGHT... THIS BOX IS EMPTY... HE'D HOPED TO TRAP ME

HANDCUFFS! HE'LL PROBABLY USE THEM ON US! I'M STUCK, UNLESS...



NOT ONLY DOES MILLS USE HANDCUFFS, BUT...

HA! HA! WE STOLE THESE HANDCUFFS FROM BOWERS' MUSEUM, AND NOW WE'RE THROWIN' THE KEY AWAY! EVEN HOUDINI COULDN'T GET OUT OF THIS ONE!





NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO GET OUT OF TOWN BEFORE THE VIGILANTE IS DISCOVERED!

RIGHT! ALL OUR STOLEN LOOT IS IN BACK OF THE TRUCK. BY THE TIME THOSE TWO ARE FREE, WE'LL BE SAFELY ACROSS THE BORDER!



BUT AS THEY FLEE, THE AGILE VIGILANTE PERFORMS AN AMAZING MUSCULAR FEAT...

MADE IT! WITH THIS KEY-FROM THE SECRET COMPARTMENT IN MY BOOT-HEEL, I'LL SOON UNLOCK THESE HANDCUFFS!



WITH ACROBATIC SKILL, THE PRAIRIE PALADIN FREES HIMSELF AND HIS PAL...

LUCKY YOU WORE THE BOOTS YOU USE IN THE MAGIC HANDCUFF-ESCAPE ACT, VIG! BUT HOW DID YOUR KEY FIT THOSE VARMINTS' HANDCUFFS?

IT DIDN'T, STUFF! WHILE MILLS WAS SEARCHING THE STRONGBOX, I WORKED A LITTLE SLEIGHT-OF-HAND, SWITCHING MY MAGIC HANDCUFFS FOR HIS!



RETRIEVING HIS FAMED MOTORCYCLE, THE MODERN RANGE-RIDER ROARS AFTER THE FLEEING CROOKS...

THIS ROAD FOLLOWS THE TRAIN TRACKS OVER THE BORDER! I FIGURE THAT'S WHERE THEY'RE HEADED!

LOOK, VIG! UP AHEAD! THERE'S THE TELEVISION TRUCK!



AS THE TWO-WHEELED JUGGERNAUT THUNDERS DOWN UPON THE CLUMSY ESCAPE TRUCK...

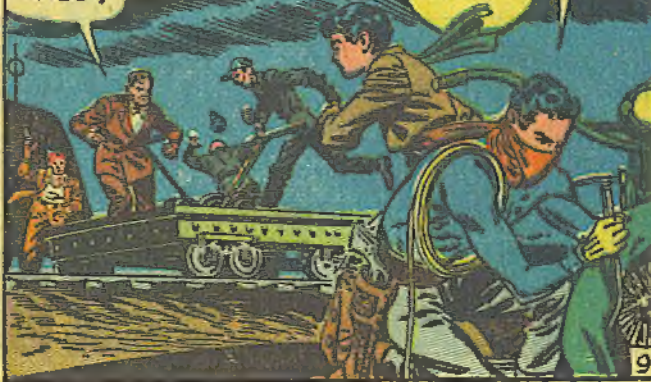
VIGILANTE! YOU ESCAPED... BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT US YET! RUN THE TRUCK TOWARD THE RAILROAD TRACKS, SLIM!



BEAT IT, YOU GUYS! VIGILANTE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO RIDE THAT BICYCLE OVER RAILROAD TIES!

THEY'RE TAKING THE WORKMEN'S **MOTORIZED HANDCAR!**

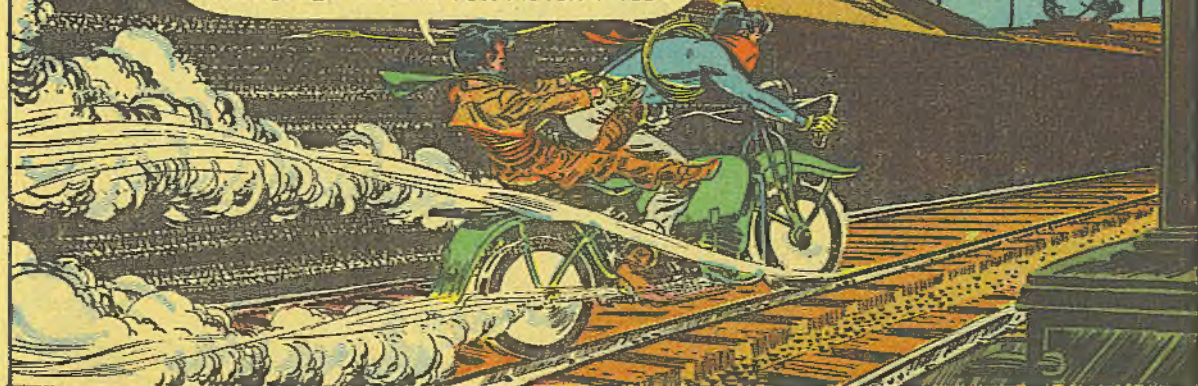
HURRY, STUFF! REMOVE THE OTHER TIRE!





WITHIN SECONDS, THE VIGILANTE CONVERTS HIS ROAD RACER INTO A MONORAIL METEOR, AND...

WOW! RIDING ON THIS TRACK — WITHOUT TIRES — WE'LL SET A NEW SPEED RECORD FOR MOTORCYCLES!



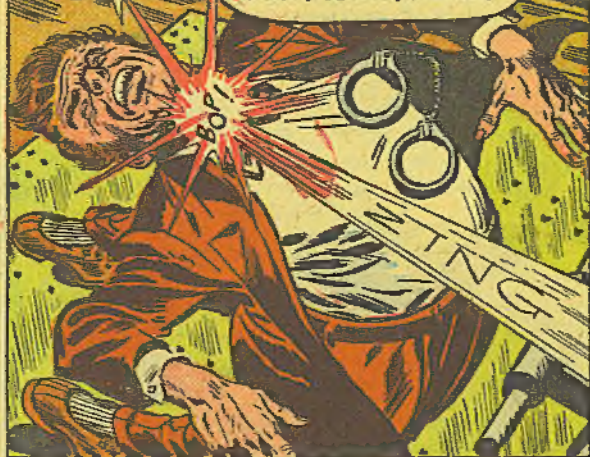
AS HE DRAWS CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE BANDITS...

HERE'S ONE BLACK SHEEP FOR THE SHERIFF'S CORRAL! NOW TO ROUND UP HIS PARTNER!



UGH!

JUST RETURNING YOUR CUFFS, MILLS!



LATER, BACK AT THE TELEVISION TRUCK...

HERE'S THE GOLD RAILROAD SPIKE THEY TOOK FROM TIM BOWERS' MUSEUM, SHERIFF. THEIR LOOT IS INSIDE. WITH THE FLUOROSCOPIC CAMERA AND MACHINE FOR MAKING DUPLICATE KEYS!



DAYS LATER, AS GREG SANDERS, THE COWBOY CONJURER, AGAIN THRILLS HIS AUDIENCE...

AND NOW A TRICK WE'VE BEEN...ER... PRACTICING FOR SOME TIME. GREG WILL FREE HIMSELF OF HIS BONDS AND BE BACK ON THE GROUND IN LESS THAN TEN SECONDS...READY!



THE END...